TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I reckon the world is not fond of petticoat politics.

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A man cannot excite the respect of his neighbors by permitting himself to be known as "hen-pecked." The able-bodied man who lives on his wife, whether she inherited her money or makes it by exercise of her ability or ingenuity, is properly despised. We know this sort of people in Canada as petticoat pensioners, and further down the scale they are known by a still ruder name.

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In England it seems to be the fashion for women to intrude into politics, either offering their services to denounce some wicked man or cheerfully mounting the hustings to advocate the election of their husbands. Henry M. Stanley, no doubt a great explorer, cynical people have suspected of being a good deal of a fakir. For my part, I cannot conceive of a man permitting his wife to go around with him advocating his election to Parliament. Mrs. Stanley, *nee* Dorothy Tennant, is no doubt a charming woman and a loving wife, but when her husband permits her to be pelted with cabbages by dirty-talking costermongers in order that he may get a seat in the British House of Commons, he sacrifices the last vestige of a hero. All his campaigns in the jungle have become of no account as he dodges behind his wife's petticoats and permits her to stand on the hustings and proclaim his greatness. A woman should always speak well of her husband and the majority of them do it whether the husband deserves it or not, but to become an active partizan and sponsor and figuratively speaking to stand with her arm around his neck and point him out as a fit and proper person for election, is abhorrent to me. It makes everybody laugh to see spoony young couples parading their affection for one another in a railway train or hotel dining-room. Is it any wonder costermongers throw cabbages and shout and tear the doors off the carriage when the virility of uncultured English manhood is appealed to in this petticoat fashion? I esteem the manhood of the candidate who so peremptorily refused the services of Lady Somerset. He might have been successful if she had gone about denouncing Sir Charles Dilke but it would have been at the sacrifice of his manhood and his decency. If politics ever come to the point when women are to dictate on the platform as to matters of private character, we may succeed in excluding the *roue* from public life but our statutes books will be filled with molly-coddling legislation and grand motherly enactments.

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While it was a rarity the public could endure Lady Churchill kissing a red-faced butcher and thereby procuring his vote for her husband, but the frequency of this sort of business is evidently becoming irksome to the British public. Imagine Mrs. Dorothy Tennant-Stanley standing before an uproarious mob, screaming at the top of her voice that her husband's name would be remembered when everyone within the sound of her voice was dead, and bursting out crying in true feminine fashion because men laughed at her. Conjure up the spectacle of the African explorer red in the face with vociferating that his wife was descended from Oliver Cromwell, and by implication suggesting that for that reason he should be elected. For my part I don't blame the costermongers. I think their noise and riot is more English, more masculine, in better taste than these public exhibitions of wifely devotion which are proper enough in the boudoir but are not seemly in public. The English people seem to be of this opinion also, for Stanley, Chamberlain, *et al* of this ilk, have been defeated.

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Talking about grandmotherly legislation, Sir John Thompson and Sir Oliver Mowat seem to be rivaling one another in their effort to spoon-feed the people of Canada. Only those who have studied Sir John's new criminal procedure can understand what a roaring farce more than half of it is. Only those who have watched the discussion in Parliament have the faintest conception of the vast amount of absurdity which was eliminated during the discussion. Hanging for sheep-stealing was nothing compared with some of the dreadful things he proposed to do to people. Then look at Sir Oliver's Cigarette act, which is intended to correct the habits of the young as regards the use of tobacco. Since Dominion Day it has become law in this province that all persons under eighteen years of age are prohibited from buying, using, or having tobacco in their possession, and those who sell or give it to them are liable to heavy fines. These two learned gentlemen are evidently taking the parental slipper into their own hands. Jointly they should frame a Spanking act intended to prevent the squalling of babies, the chewing of gum and refusal to take the matutinal bath. Enactments should be provided for the imprisonment of boys who insist on sliding down hill to the damage of their trowsers, and for the making of dreadful examples of girls who let their stockings sag around their ankles. By proper attention to these domestic details the responsibility of parents may be greatly decreased. All they will have to do shall be to provide nourishment and raiment for their offspring; the policemen will do the rest. What a delightful vista is opened for the coming parent when the Kodak theory of parental responsibility is perfected. They will bring the child into the world; the police magistrate will do the rest.

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For the last four or five years I have been continually calling attention to this proxy system. The perfection of public schools has endowed the state with the right of even compulsory education. So far we could not quarrel with the idea of government. Unfortunately so many parents were unable to educate their children or even contribute to their education in a technical sense, that to prevent illiteracy the state was forced to invest itself with proper powers. Following in the wake of this, Sunday schools, imitating the Catholic example, relegated the religious education of the child to what may be called professional teachers. The mother, no longer feeling called upon to tell the sweet story of Christ's sacrifice to the child at her knee, had more time to devote to pleasure and the designing of new gowns for herself and offspring. The father, relieved of his teaching duties, could spend more time at the club or in that odd mixture of secular and religious work designed to benefit the heathen and extend the tenets of his denomination. There is a general outcry for more religious teaching in the schools. Even the careless parent is observing that the proxy system has not yet been perfected, that neglect in providing parental precept and example is having its effect. Of course parents are not impressed with the idea that they ought to do some of this sort of thing themselves. They feel that the school teacher ought to do it, that there is too much long division and too little divinity taught in the schools. Grandmother Thompson and Grandmother Mowat having assumed the slipper and the policeman having become the guardian of childish habits with respect to liquor and tobacco, the nursery business should be extended to the Fire Brigade, who could no doubt be profitably employed in their spare moments in washing the knees of the school children and giving dirty little boys their bath before going to bed. I think the whole business would be laughable if it were not an indication of that outrageous and fool-idea that good boys and good girls, and good men and good women are to be made by statute.

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It has often been said, and I most cheerfully acquiesce in the truth of the saying, that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. There is no doubt in the world that women make us what we are. Surely the enlargement of the feminine sphere, which shows that little boys will laugh to see their mothers come home from a day's campaigning with their eyes blacked and their gowns torn, will not add to the gentle influence which the mother exercises in home life. Will husbands be as gentle to their wives or think of them as a divinity but little lower than the angels when they go about haranguing mobs and scratching the faces of costermongers? Are we not giving into the hands of the state those delicate and most important tasks which mothers and fathers should attend to, and supplying to the idle and ambitious methods of obtaining excitement and notoriety neither beautiful nor beneficial?

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The Dominion Day celebrations throughout the province were such as to lead us to believe that that much-neglected phase of education, a national idea, is every year receiving increased attention. Flag raisings and national celebrations were numerous and everywhere seem to have excited great enthusiasm. The idea of teaching school children something of Canada's origin and the necessity of a grand Canadian ambition, is remarkably new. We have so carefully avoided that bombast and spread-eagle-ism characteristic of Fourth-of July "doings" in the United States, that we have gone to the other extreme and taken for granted, in the rude and commonplace way in which some men and some women take for granted, instead of giving expression to, domestic affection, and our national life has become unlovely in the same degree that it is unsentimental. I spent the day at Orillia, a lovely town by the lake, and saw about fifteen hundred children in procession and then grouped on a grand stand, one beautiful bouquet of childish faces set in pretty colors and relieved by white dresses and gay hats, and when they rose and sang and waved their flags and maple boughs every father and mother must have felt that elation and surging sensation of pride so like a sob, so intense is it when created by the strong animal magnetism of numbers and music. The children too, how they shouted and cheered, and what a meaning the day will have to them hereafter! It was one of the most successful things of the kind I ever saw, but I have no doubt it was not more so than many others in various parts of Ontario. Surely these things shall be encouraged until not a Canadian child is permitted to pass the anniversary of Confederation without being stirred by every patriotic emotion possible to the gathering together of crowds, the singing of national songs and the delivery of patriotic speeches.

Much disturbance seems to have been created by the hauling down of a Yankee flag from a Wiarton hen-house. At least this is the way that newspapers put it which consider it unimportant what sentiment it manifested on our national day. If it be a proper thing for the people to gather together on the anniversary of Confederation and raise a flag, it is not a very wicked thing for them to gather together and haul one down if it be the flag of a people who love us not. Very frequently rowdies and disturbers of the peace are eager to find excuse for making mischief, but when reputable citizens in an orderly manner take occasion to impress a neighbor with the fact that, think as he may, the truth remains that as long as they have emotions and muscles it must be made evident that this is a British country and a British flag shall wave over it, what fault can be found with their conduct? If it should ever happen that the British flag means to us oppression or commercial bondage this readiness to uplift it and this readiness to tear down another may be changed, but history gives us no example in Canada of any such condition of affairs, and if we did not revere the flag that has meant so much to us in the past we would show ourselves ungrateful and disloyal.

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Talking about what the flag means to us, I was surprised to see Mr. Ballantyne, the same man, I think, who is Speaker of the Ontario Legislature and a Grit politician conspicuous enough to have been given this prominent place, voting against preferential trade within the Empire at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce in London. Even the most heated partizans of his own persuasion and the most virulent writers on his own press have admitted that preferential trade within the Empire would be a good thing for Canada. Their whole argument against it has been based on the impossibility of bringing it about. His conduct suggests that the wish is father to the thought. The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire was called together to give expression to colonial feeling, yet he with the fictitious importance of his political position votes against that which his party has a thousand times said was a fascinating thought but an utter impossibility. He seems to be willing to sing in the chorus with Erastus Wiman, and while Mr. Elgin Myers, suspended from office for the expression of annexationist sentiments, may have done a trifling damage to this province, Mr. Ballantyne has done a very great injury and Sir Oliver Mowat should bring his spiked club down on Mr. Ballantyne's partizan head at the earliest possible moment.

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Talk as we may of fraternity of feeling, I magine the English speaking Canadians are not sorry to learn from the last census bulletin issued by Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, that our French-speaking fellow man and brother is not becoming more numerous in Canada. It appears that we have 3,385,-421 English-speaking, and 1,415,090 of French-speaking people. The English have increased by 326,000 during the past ten years and the French by only 111,000. As they are more than a quarter of the entire population the ratio of increase is seen in the fact that they do not have twenty-five per cent. of the total gain. In Quebec of course they have made the greatest progress, while in Manitoba and New Brunswick they have also made a slight advance. In Ontario they have lost 71, but under the fatherly care of Sir Oliver Mowat their political importance has been vastly augmented.

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A curious phase presented by the statistics is that we can only account for the presence amongst us of 29,699 emigrants, though emigration statistics led us to believe that 886,177 Europeans settled in this country during the decade. The emigrants that passed through this country during that period ran up into the millions and our emigration department was not thought overstating it when they made the claim of having detained this small number. As a matter of fact less than five per cent. of the claim is justified by the census. Perhaps we are not missing much, yet as a rule the emigrants who come by the northern route and pass through Canada are a very desirable class. How is it they do not like Canada? One reason, no doubt is that it is a colony and many of those departing from the old lands are seeking the ideal government—the republic. No doubt they may discover their mistake and some of them return to our land, but in the meantime we are missing them. Then, too, our grandmotherly legislation, which insists that everyone must think like Sir John Thompson or Sir Oliver Mowat or Principal Caven, and a few more of our select men and leaders, is making it very uncomfortable for foreigners in this country. It may be all right; our remnant may be worth more than the millions who pass by our door, yet unless the newspapers are enormous liars and election courts intended to magnify trifling sins, unless penitentiaries and jails are detaining honest people from their ordinary tasks, we are not achieving the good results which should flow from the grouping together in Canada of none but awfully good people. The problem presented to us by the figures is worth considering.

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That awful incident at Homestead, Pa., where Pinkerton detectives and locked-out employees fought like fiends and killed one another as cheerfully as soldiers could have done on the field of battle, is an example of the length to which capitalists will go when determined to overpower their men. Carnegie, the proprietor of the mills, is many times over a millionaire and he sometimes does the philanthropic act, but his system is to screw down wages to the lowest point, no matter what happens to anybody but himself. The United States Congress has undertaken to examine into the system of permitting detectives of this sort to be employed by capitalists, and it is to be hoped that a stop shall be put to it. If regular police and the soldiery of a country cannot keep the peace, these private organizations, apparently responsible to no one, should not be entrusted with the task. While we cannot but be sorry for those who have been killed and wounded, yet nothing has ever been accomplished without the shedding of blood, and this bloody fray will surely be the last chapter in which Pinkerton's men will be permitted to figure as the brutal arbitrators between labor and capital.

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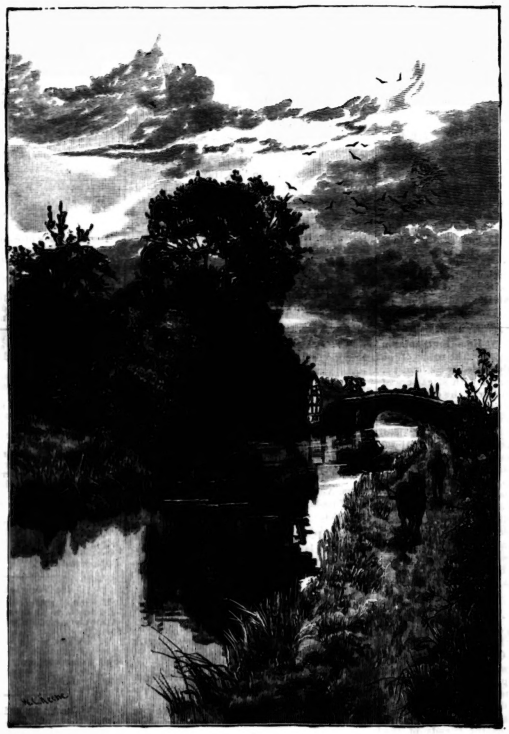
The many drowning accidents in the bay, all of them apparently the result of carelessness or recklessness, indicate that boys and young people despite the warnings of their elders take chances which may always be expected to result in a large percentage of deaths. The youngster nowadays seems to believe that he knows more than his parents and pursues adventure regardless of consequences. The boy Adams, who has excited the wonder of the country for a couple of weeks, is another example of the youth who gets himself and his friends into trouble. His ambition was evidently to be a "freak," and instead of staying at home nights thought himself smart to fool his father and go to Hamilton—slipping back home before daylight. There he picked up bad company and developed into an extraordinarily clever liar. Parents are at least partially responsible for the demoralization of children. Youngsters are let have altogether too much of their own way, are permitted to go out nights and take excursions unattended by those who should watch over the thoughtless and immature. Boys who are unable to handle a boat take girls out on the bay and drowning accidents result, sometimes a fate even worse brings sorrow to a home. What are the parents doing who let those who are really not much better than children have so much latitude? Without being old-fogyish or too severe, young folks should be made to understand that liberty to do as they like should not be given to those who lack experience of the world and its dangers.



THE OLD TOW PATH.

After all the prognosticating that has been done that Gladstone would sweep the British constituencies, it looks very much as if Lord Salisbury would still remain in power, and Canada will not be sorry. There is no element in this country opposed to Irish Home Rule if it means simply that local self-government which the provinces enjoy in this Dominion. There is a general feeling, however, amongst both those who are anxious that Irish Home Rule should mean nothing more than Provincial Home Rule means to us here, and those who are anxious for much more and in their hearts are separatists, that Mr. Gladstone's measure is not of this innocious character. Details of the bill have been kept so secret that those who would be glad to see Ireland get a measure of Home Rule suspect that the Irish party would not be as satisfied as they are had not promises been given which, if fulfilled by Mr. Gladstone, might endanger the Union. The fact, too, that the Liberal party has never been successful in its foreign policy, coupled with the partial promise that Lord Salisbury has given us that he will make an effort to protect the Empire from the high tariff countries which are endeavoring to get all the advantage of England's generous policy without reciprocating in any respect, makes those who are really British in their impulses desire both selfishly and sentimentally to see the Conservative party remain in power.

* * *

The excellent suggestions in the letter reproduced below should bear fruit. The author of the little story, A Bowl of Clover Blooms, should feel proud of the material evidences of sympathy which the sketch excited. The contributions shall be sent to the secretary of the Fresh Air Fund and the request made in the letter will no doubt receive the attention of the committee. There are many kind-hearted farmers who would undertake the care of a child or two for a couple of weeks, and if further funds are forthcoming no doubt a number of deserving little ones shall be provided with a holiday such as was suggested by the author of A Bowl of Clover Blooms.

For Saturday Night's Fresh Air Fund.

In one of your recent issues I read a story entitled A Bowl of Clover Blooms. I think the idea it suggests of sending little ones to the country for a week or two of pure fresh air, is a most excellent one, and if I may start a club (with Jim's assistance) I would like to be the means of sending at least one delicate child, for a week or so, to some kind farmer's in the country this lovely summer weather. I think if the committee earnestly undertook the scheme it might in time develop into far greater benefit to poor little suffering humanity in the hot, stifling summer months than even those most enjoyable excursions. Of course it could not be expected that so great a number could participate in the pleasure of a few weeks' country life as upon the excursions. Enclosed please find from

Jim	$5 00
Jim's Jewel	1 00

* * *

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$170 35
Yours	1 00
	$171 35

DON.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Holland and family have left St. George street for their cottage in Nova Scotia.

*

Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh of Grove avenue gave a very pleasant musical evening on Thursday of last week.

*

A fashionable wedding took place at the residence of Mr. H. J. Gould, reeve of Uxbridge, at four o'clock on Wednesday of last week. The participants were Miss Maggie Sharpe, sister-in-law of Mr. Gould and Dr. Horace Bascom of Uxbridge. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. The presents were many and handsome. The Dr. and his newly wedded wife left on the evening train for an extended tour through Eastern Ontario.

*

Mr. Fred Castles was entertained by his friends at Mrs. J. Hughes' residence, Parkdale, on the eve of his departure for New York. He was presented with a gold watch by the club. The address was read by Mr. Pearson and the presentation made by Miss Nina Caulfield, who looked extremely pretty in a handsome Watteau gown of white henrietta. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

*

Mr. Harvey Wilson of Chicago spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford and Mrs. G. B. Gordon at their summer residence.

*

Dr. and Mrs John Caven spend the summer at Cushing's Island.

*

Dr. King, President of Manitoba College, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Reid of Pembroke street last week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Darling left last week for the Catskills.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland and family went to Grimsby last week.

*

Miss Lilian Auden of Cincinnati is visiting Mrs. O. B. Sheppard at her summer cottage, Lake Simcoe.

*

Mr. W. A. Matthews of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. G. A. Weese of Carlton street.

*

Miss Gerty Thompson of Hamilton is spending two weeks' vacation with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred. W. Thompson, 31 Gwynne avenue.

*

Among the arrivals of this week at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, are Mrs. Chas. Reid and family, Mrs. M. McConnell and family, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Holtby and Mr. J. W. Eaton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Merritt of New Orleans, and Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour of Toronto Junction.

*

Mrs. Howson, of 16 Brunswick avenue, entertained the friends of her pupils on Monday evening. After a delightful musical programme had been rendered, refreshments were served and the guests departed much pleased with the manner in which the pupils had acquitted themselves.

*

On Thursday evening of last week the pupils of the Kilburn Sisters of Beverley street gave a most pleasing entertainment in St. George's school-house. The different movements in the drills were very graceful and pretty, particularly in the ring dance. Other interesting items on the programme were a scene from the Merchant of Venice, a cantata entitled Little Red Riding Hood, and French recitations. The prizes were presented by Rev. Canon Cayley.

*

A quiet wedding was solemnized at 528 Sherbourne street last Tuesday afternoon by Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, when Herr Robert Mahr of Berlin, Germany, was married to Miss Alice Maud, eldest daughter of Mr. George W. Lillie of Toronto. Only the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, after which the young couple left for New York. In two weeks they will sail for Germany, making Berlin their future home.

*

Mr. Fred Roper and family, of Sherbourne street, are spending the summer at Buenavista, their lovely retreat at Lorne Park.

*

Mrs. Day of Jarvis street has been entertaining a number of American friends.

*

Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. Goring and Mrs. C. J H. Winstanley are at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston.

*

The following guests are at the Hotel Louise, Lorne Park: Mr. and Mrs. J. Curry, Mrs. Doolittle, and Mr. T. Watson and family.

*

The Rev. Mr. Roper sailed recently for Europe.

*

Miss L. Paterson left for Orillia last Monday, where she intends remaining for two months.

*

The Sardonyx Club held a most successful private picnic to Long Branch on Dominion Day. The invited guests, in number over a hundred, left Yonge street wharf at 9:30 a.m. by a private steamer and had a most enjoyable sail. In the afternoon many availed themselves of another opportunity to go out on the water and went up the coast as far as Port Credit and Lorne Park. The evening was spent in dancing, music being provided by an excellent orchestra. The guests returned to the city at 11 p.m. after a most enjoyable day. The success of the picnic was due to the efforts of the following committee: Mr. Charles L. Chase, Mr. J. F. Monck, Mr. F. J. Aylward, Misses Maud Murchison, Mary Wheeler, Ruby Wylie and Messrs. Edward Wheeler and Bert Aylward.

*

Mr. Fred W. Walker of Maitland street is out at Lorne Park enjoying himself with his family at their summer house, Glenview Cottage.

*

Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College and Mrs. Clark left last Saturday for Brockville, where Prof. Clark will conduct services at St. Peter's until the return from Ireland of the Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones in two months' time. Prof. and Mrs. Clark are staying at the rectory.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Schofield returned last week to the city. Mrs. Schofield will be At Home to her friends at 135 Spadina Road on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

*

The M.Y. O. B. Camp At Home on Dominion Day was a brilliant success. The rooms of the shanty were prettily decorated with bunting, the ceiling being festooned with streamers of red, white and blue in honor of the day. During the afternoon large parties of guests were taken out sailing on the Yolande. After supper the sweet strains of an orchestra enticed many to join in the mazy dance. Among those present were: Mrs. Begg, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Thompson, Misses Parsons, Macdonald, Dawson, Simpson, Bain, Dick, Coleman, Weir, Rennie, Locke, Sylvester, Heale, Winstanley, Waycott, Williams, Fetters, Dieterle, Hayes, Stanley, Smith, McMullin, Davidson, Robinson, Burns, Cooper, I. Parsons, Dance, Troutman, Forsyth, Secombe, and Messrs. Sylvester, Johnston, Dixon, Dewey, Carmidy, McKay, Grimshaw, Harwood, Burns, Bulman, Grant, Stuttaford, Broughton, Stanley, McQuarrie, Walton, Baker, Parry, Docker, Angus, Blackburn, Reed and Begg.

*

The closing exercises of the Bishop Strachan School took place on Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening last. On Monday afternoon a very good programme was presented, followed by the distribution of prizes in the third and junior classes. On Tuesday evening the concert room was filled with an appreciative audience, a large representation of the parents of the pupils and many of the friends of the school being present. The programme was a very pleasing one, surpassing those of former years and showing that the close attention paid in the present day to matriculation work by the senior and preparatory classes has not interfered with the work in the musical department of the school. The recitations, English and French, were of a high order and deserve special mention. While the musical numbers were all good, one might specially mention the solos by Misses Alice Stiff, Nellie Hendershot and Rose Kirkpatrick. The last solo on the programme, Tarantelle, by Chopin, was very effectively rendered by Miss Mildred Beck, who has completed her second year at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and who is at present on the musical staff of the school, while continuing her studies under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. At the close of the programme the prizes were distributed to successful competitors in the senior classes by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, who has been kind enough to perform that duty on many former occasions. His Lordship expressed great pleasure with the excellent manner in which the programme had been rendered and with the very satisfactory work which had been done during the year. A pleasant feature was the presentation of the medals for general proficiency awarded by the Governor-General of the Dominion to the winners for the years 1890 and 1891, Miss Helen Rolph and Miss Emily Moss, as well as to the winner for the present year, Miss Lilian Heaven, the three medals having arrived together.

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On Wednesday the 22nd June, the marriage took place at Walkerton of Miss Pauline Kingsmill, fourth daughter of his Honor Judge Kingsmill, to E. Langdon Wilks, third son of Mr. Matthew Wilks of Cruickston Park, Galt. Many guests from New York, Toronto and Galt arrived the night before, and the wedding took place the following morning in St. Thomas' church at 11 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Canon Carran of Hamilton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Robinson. The bride was gowned in rich white satin trimmed with mechlin lace and orange blossoms, with full court train of brocade satin her long veil and wreath were fastened by a diamond pansy spray, the gift of the groom, and a diamond star, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Byam K. Stevens of New York; she also wore a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom's father. She was attended by six bridesmaids, who were becomingly attired in cream silk frocks with long veils surmounted by Prince of Wales feathers. They were her three cousins, the two Misses Kingsmill of Toronto, Miss Florence Gale Dickson of Niagara, Miss Annie Macbeth of London and her two sisters, Misses Sydney and Phyllis Kingsmill. They all carried superb bunches of Marechal Niel roses, and wore unique brooches, the gifts of the groom. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Matthew Wilks. The ushers were Commander Kingsmill, R. N., Mr. Jack Snail of Toronto, Mr. Peck of Galt and Mr. Harold Kingsmill. The church was most beautifully decorated by the friends of the bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests, who numbered about eighty, adjourned to the Bungalow, the residence of the bride's father, where a reception was held by Mrs. Kingsmill and the numerous handsome presents were seen and much admired. At ten o'clock the newly married couple and many of the guests left on a special car. The going-away gown was of tan-colored cloth trimmed with garnet, with hat to match, and traveling cloak of shot garnet silk. Judge Kingsmill took advantage of the occasion to have a reunion of the family; there were present his ten sons and daughters: Commander Kingsmill, R. N., Mrs. Gault of Montreal, Mrs. Chester Glass of Spokane, Washington, Mrs. Pringle of Galt, Mr. Harold Kingsmill of Winnipeg, Mr. William Kingsmill, Traders' Bank, Toronto, Master J. J. Kingsmill and the younger members of the family still at home.

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There was a most interesting gathering at the old Beatty homestead in Trafalgar on Dominion Day. Mr. Beatty with a family of thirteen children settled in Trafalgar on a homestead of five hundred acres. The youngest of the family is still living in the square, old-fashioned house that his father built and to this delightful place he called a gathering of the family. There were a hundred and fifty representatives present, sixty of whom were from Toronto. When the train arrived the happy passengers were greeted by a choir singing Home, Sweet Home. The day was spent in feasting, speech making and general enjoyment. Among those present from Toronto were: Mr. Robert Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. James Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow, Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. John Beatty and Dr. and Mrs. Nevitt.

*

The Hon. R. M. Wells left on Wednesday night for a trip to Banff.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Blue and family have gone on a visit to Duart, where Mr. Blue's brother owns a large farm.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Playfair and family of Isabella street have gone to spend the summer in Muskoka.

*

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell left on Thursday for Cape L' Aigle, St. Lawrence. Mrs. Macdonnell has gone to Fergus, where she will spend the summer with her parents, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smellie.

*

Mrs. Alexander Morris and family left town last Tuesday for their home in Isle Morris, Muskoka.

*

Dr. E. P. Gordon returned to the city on Monday of last week. Although he is recovering from the serious accident which has so long disabled him, he is still far from well.

*

The Misses Burney of Glasgow, Scotland, are the guests of Rev. G. M. Milligan of Sherbourne street.

*

Mrs. Whittemore is staying at present with her father, Dr. Oldright of Carlton street.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Withrow and family are spending the summer at the Island.

*

Mrs. Falconbridge and family have gone to their cottage on the Island.

*

Miss Thompson of Linden street left last Monday for Montreal, where she will stay with her brother-in-law, Prof. Warriner.

*

A number of educationists from Toronto left the early part of this week for Montreal to attend the meetings of the Dominion Teachers' Association. Amongst those who went are the Hon. G. W. Ross, Mr. Miller, Principal MacMurchy and Mr. William Houston.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver and family left last week for their cottage at Kew.

*

Mrs. D. Cowan and family have gone to spend the summer at Mimico.

*

Dr. Thorburn has removed to his handsome new residence on the corner of Spadina Road and Bloor street.

*

Principal and Mrs. Kirkland will spend their vacation at Metis.

*

Prof. and Mrs. McCurdy and family are spending the summer near Lorne Park.

*

Mrs. Michie of Stratford is visiting Miss Michie at Westholme, Wellington street.

*

Mr. S. F. McKinnon returned from Europe last week.

*

Mr. D. A. McKellar, formerly of the SATURDAY NIGHT staff, was in town this week on his way to Penetanguishene, where he will spend the summer months.

*

Miss G. A. Merrill of Wellesley street left Tuesday of this week on a visit to Belleville and Brockville.

*

Among the guests at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, this week are: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and the Misses Beatty, Miss Leslie, Miss L. Gooderham, Miss Sage, Mrs. Blackstock and children, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Taggart of Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Buchanan and Miss Pollard of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Bond of Ipswich, and Lady Ida Leigh-Hare of London, England.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Layton and the Messrs. and Misses Merrick are at Roslyne, St. Andrew's-on-the-Lake.

*

Among those who are at the Penetanguishene this week are: Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Mr. G. A. Stinson, Capt. McDonnell, Mr. T. T. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stone, Dr. and Mrs. Hoskins, and Mr. William Ray of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Neff and family of Cleveland, Mr. Geo. L. Chitty of Ottawa, Mr. T. B. Baird of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and family of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. and Miss Barnes of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Carpenter of Wilmington, Del., and Mrs. Greenhill and family of Galt.

*

Mr. F. A. Acland, news editor of the *Globe*, and Mrs. Acland sailed from Montreal last Wednesday on the steamer Sarnia of the Dominion Line to spend two months in the old land.

*

Mr. James Millett and family and Mr. Bernard Hughes and family are at Mrs. Mead's.

*

Miss Milligan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Hilton of Center Island.

*

There will be a hop at the Club House, Center Island, Saturday evening.

*

Invitations are issued for the marriage of Miss Nellie Richardson to Mr. Walter Stewart at St. Peter's church on Thursday, July 14, at 8 p.m. Their numerous circle of friends will be sorry to learn that immediately after the ceremony they will take their departure to British Columbia, which will be their future home.

*

Miss Boone of Murray street is visiting friends in Ashbury Park, N. J.

*

The Misses Queen and Frankie Ferguson are visiting their aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Ferguson of Niagara Falls.

*

Mr. Harry Ryrie, of Ryrie Bros., has returned after three months' absence in Europe. A business trip like his is really as pleasant as one could have in the old country, for one who goes with the idea of seeing pretty things is apt to see them, and by and by we will see them here.

*

Miss Gertrude Ward is spending her holidays in Wardsville.

Her Lack of Confidence.

The utter lack of confidence that woman has in man was illustrated in a Fenn avenue cable car the other day. A lady boarded the car at Sixth street.

"Let me off at Twenty-eighth, please," she said to the conductor.

From Sixth to Twelfth street she was engaged in getting seated and paying her fare.

"Don't forget to let me off at Twenty-eighth, will you?" she said, as the conductor took her nickel, and he said he wouldn't.

At Twentieth street she collected her parcels and stared at the conductor to remind him of his promise.

At Twenty-first she dropped a package, which another passenger stepped on, then apologized.

At Twenty-second she looked out of the window to see if the conductor had called the right number.

At Twenty-third she moved to a seat nearer the door.

From Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth she was engaged in mentally criticising the spring suit of the lady opposite her.

At Twenty-sixth she nodded to the conductor.

At Twenty-seventh she stood up and got ready to leave the car.

As it stopped at Twenty-eighth street she stepped from the platform, and, with a sigh of relief, exclaimed: "These horrid conductors can't be trusted to remember anything."—*Pittsburg Post.*

He Weighed His Words.

He was a ponderous preacher, or rather his sermons were ponderous, and the young people of his congregation were prone to complain of them.

"I always weigh well what I say in my sermons," he said to a fair young parishioner with a sharp tongue.

"Indeed!" she responded quickly. "Do you use hay scales?"

The Short and Straight Way.

Rich man—If I make out a will, how am I going to know whether it won't be contested or not?

Lawyer—There is one way to make a sure thing of it and avoid all unnecessary complications.

Rich man—How is that?

Lawyer—Make it out to me direct.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede finish Thread Gloves, 75c.
Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D. Corsets, so that they may become widely known, we are having (for this month only) a special sale.
Marguerite at $2, usual price $3; Donita, $5, usual price $6. R & G. in every style and price.

DRESSMAKING

Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear.
Special attention given to Trousseaux.

Millinery and Mantle Making

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East
TORONTO

JUNE WEDDINGS

DINNER SETS

The largest and only complete line in the city.
PANTECHNETHECA 116 Yonge St. Cor. Adelaide
A nice line of small sets for summer cottages.

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York
UNSURPASSED FOR
Safety, Civility and Comfort
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

Tourists and Campers Requisites

- - Mosquito Oil - -
Tan and Freckle Lotions
Complexion Balm, Etc.
AT
McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

RED STAR LINE
U. S. AND BELGIAN ROYAL MAIL
New York, Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. The route via Antwerp is most convenient for access to the principal points in Germany, the Rhine, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. Excursion tickets valid to return by Inman Line from Liverpool.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

HERBERT E. SIMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHER
143 College Street - - Toronto
2ND DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE
Successor to late NOTMAN & FRASER

Iron and - Brass BEDSTEADS

Camp Beds, Children's Cots

RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

100 Ways for Cooking Eggs
By A. FILIPPINI (25 years with Delmonico). In cloth binding, ink and gold stamps, 50 cents. (This is the first number of the "Handy Volume Culinary Series.")
100 Recipes for Cooking and Serving Fish
By A. FILIPPINI. In cloth binding (uniform with "100 Eggs.") 50 cents.
JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Pretty Dresses.

A PRETTY Empire tea-gown is of pale blue *crepe*, with tight-fitting sleeves trimmed with stripes of lace reaching to the wrists, and loose sling-shaped over-sleeves, caught in at the cuffs. The short-waisted bodice is of cream-colored lace—point de Venise—and the front of the gown falls in loose folds, and is ornamented with long ribbons that are tied at the neck and allowed to trail to the hem of the skirt. The back is arranged *a la* Watteau—I was a little wrong in calling it an Empire gown—and is also ornamented with long trailing ribbons. All the French tea-gowns seem to be trimmed with point de Venise this season. The novelty in some that I saw was shown in the blending of colors. One new model was of terra-cotta *crepe*, with sleeves and yoke of sky-blue silk. A dainty gown by which I was much smitten was cream colored delaine, strewn with pink marguerites and forget-me-nots, and trimmed simply with a flounce of lace and a pink ribbon sash. If I remember rightly, it had also a pink yoke and collar, both veiled with lace, and lace frills at the edge of the sleeves. Another gown, inexpensive and pretty, was black delaine, flowered in pink, with a pink yoke covered with lace and a ribbon sash.

The rules for the wearing of mourning are arranged on a nicely graduated scale. The first dress and bonnet that a widow wears are both very deep mourning—nearly all crape; the second not quite so deep, just a little less crape being used; the third are generally plain black with a little white introduced here and there. A dress suitable for the second stage of mourning is of dull black silk, the yoke and all the other trimmings except the *ruche* on the skirt being of crape.

For ordinary use there is nothing so pretty and generally available as a dress of some of the new cottons. There are lovely ginghams with cross-bars having embroidered designs at the intersections of the lines. These come in all colors, the most desirable being in two colors, as a pink ground with white bars, or gray ground with bars of lighter gray or white. The embroidered patterns are in designs resembling a window sash, a circle, an oval, a crescent, triangle, or some similar figure. There are also blue and white ginghams with large white coin-spots in snowflake pattern. A pretty fabric is a lace-figured gingham, the ground in some shade of gray, the lace design in white and wrought in fanciful pattern. A Japanese fan with lattice work is one of the most taking designs. There are also very delicate-tinted fabrics with this same lace effect on plain ground. A gingham with lengthwise stripes three or four threads wide has brocadings of overshot weaving wrought over the stripes, which are in groups. Ginghams with heavy threads in cross-bars are very pretty. These heavy threads are arranged in groups, and cross each other after the fashion of the borders of old-time linen handkerchiefs. Grounds of all popular colors have threads of white or soft gray running through them in this fashion. Length-wise stripes with woven figures arranged in groups making a double design are much admired. There are shepherds' checks and quaint old-fashioned ginghams such as we see in the scrap-bags of our grandmothers. Lavender and white, gray and white, gray and pink, are very Frenchy and dainty, and there are also black-and-white checks with open spaces filled in with white, and also heliotrope in very light tints. Wide-stripe goods with line stripes in satin brocadings are among the desirable materials, also lace stripes, and cashmere-colored stripes on a whi e ground alternating with wide bands of plain color. A novelty has a pink ground with stripes made of tiny sprays in shades of blue, olive or brown.

Very stylish and available are the goods with cotton warp and silk filling, the silk thrown on the outside in delicate brocadings and clusters of tiny dots. These materials come in light shades, and are quite expensive, being seventy-five to eighty-five cents per yard; but they make dresses as handsome as those of India silk. Old-fashioned gauzy-looking stuffs are used for dresses as well as for the elaborate garnitures which are now so popular. There are all-wool and silk-and-wool *crepons* in black, which are very much liked by conservative ladies; and as all-black dresses are not only tolerated, but highly commended for evening wear, attention has been drawn to the preparation of many elegant and appropriate fabrics for this purpose. Silk grenadines in black and colors are shown in small patterns or with elaborate figures. The old-time Hernani is revived with modifications. Heavier stripes, bits of brocading, and embroidery appear on the exquisitely fine semi-transparent grounds.

Galloon of all widths has masses of jet in seed, nail head and bugle effects.

An astonishing millinery combination is sky-blue satin ribbon with royal purple violets.

Iridescent bead trimmings are exceedingly stylish, and used in narrow passementeries as well as whole pieces.

Sleeveless blouses of *crepon* are worn with coat waists which have open jacket fronts.

LA MODE.

Two Book Agents.

A trimly built young woman whose easily confident step and style announced her New York parentage, walked into the repairing room of an east-side railway a few days ago.

"How d'ye do, boys!" she said to the four mechanics within, whose dirt-enriched eyes opened wide as they surveyed her. For a woman in a repair shop is as a drop of water in Hades—or Kentucky.

The men dropped their tools and saluted.

"May I use your soldering iron?" continued the visitor.

"C-c-certainly," gasped the master mechanic as he fell over a cogwheel to get it.

The young woman put the iron in the charcoal fire and sat down on a box just as if she was at home, waiting for the iron to heat. The mechanics made a pretext of going to work, but they didn't do much. They wanted to know what she would do with that soldering iron.

When the iron was hot she removed her hat. About this time the car inspector came in. "Won't you hold my hat a minute?" she said. Would he hold it? He would have held it a week. Then she took the iron out of the fire, produced a hand glass, and proceeded deliberately to curl her hair. The five men watched her curiously. When she finished she took up her valise. "You have been very kind to me," she said. "I want to ask you to do me one more favor. I have here something that I think would prove both amusing and instructive to you, your wives and children."

She deliberately opened her valise.

"Book agent!" said one of the "boys" to the other, as he looked toward the door. But she was standing too near it.

"It is entitled Down the Mississippi, a full, complete, concise, and succinct account of the history of the beautiful old river and of the people who inhabit the valley."

And she talked on and on, and the "boys"—when she left she had orders for five copies at $2 per copy.

I told this story to a friend, and he came back at me so: "She must have been a blood relation of the woman who went into one of the solid banks of this city a short time since and told the president about her troubles, and the vice-president and cashier gathered around to hear. She told how she had a mortgage to pay off, what a hard time she was having; she told a tear-fetching tale, and asked them to buy a copy of Greely's Arctic Expedition, to help her out, price $5 per copy. Now not one of those gentlemen cared a rap about Greely and his Arctic expedition, or anything else in that line that doesn't pay sensible dividends, but to help the poor woman out each one produced a $5 bill and gave it to her. A few days later she reappeared with the books. The gentlemen asked her how she was doing and a few other questions. Finally one said:

"'Are you not married? Where is your husband?' The woman looked straight at him a minute, then winked and held her fist up, fingers closed and thumb pointed down.

"The idea seemed to be that her hubby was:

"'Down below
Where all is woe.'

"Then she walked out. The three gentlemen exchanged glances and sheepishly went back to their desks."

Both Right—Tit for Tat

John Bull (boastfully to his Yankee friend)—Do you know, sir, I can say with truth that I belong to a nation upon whose territories the sun never sets. Does not that "lick creation?"

Yankee friend (with a cunning look at John Bull)—Yes, but did you ever hear the reason?

John Bull—No, there can be no reason, there is nothing to reason about.

Yankee friend—Ha! ha! The sun would set on British possessions like other places, but she cannot trust John Bull in the dark.

John Bull—I never thought of that, but it is a common report she cannot trust the Yankees in the light.

Yankee friend—We are both right.

A Natural Subject of Speculation.

A shrewd-looking old man stood in front of one of the leading jewelers, gazing at a quiet-looking clock. One of the affable clerks was standing in the doorway.

"That's an all-fired funny clock," said the old man. "What do you call it?"

"That's a spring lever chronometer," replied the clerk. "It will run for 400 days without winding."

"So? That's a long time. But say, how long do you s'pose it would run if you should wind it up once?"

Went for a Drive.

Husband—What's that? Been shopping, and bought $100 worth of silks? You said you were going for a drive.

Wife—Yes. Cash & Co. advertised a great drive in dry goods.

Loads of Liberty.

Old Bachelor—I do not see any need of your society, Woodvote. It seems to me that women are pretty thoroughly emancipated already.

Mrs. Woodvote—Huh! what do you judge by?

Old Bachelor—By the number of married men who are trying to get divorces.

A Pleasant Thought.

Friend (in railway train)—You say you are getting influenza from that lady's opposite, and yet you seem to be very gleeful about something. What is it?

Passenger—I know she must be getting pneumonia.

Not Invited.

Daughter—Shall we invite Dr. Bigtee to the reception?

Mother—I think we'd better not, he's so absent-minded. He might charge it in the bill.

A Smart Husband.

Mrs. Slimpurse (fretfully)—That Mrs. Stuck upp has a horse, and goes out driving every day.

Mr. Slimpurse (consolingly)—I wouldn't like to have my little duckie darling's clothes smelling horsey, no indeed.

Very Likely.

Mother—Who is that young fellow who is calling on you now?

Daughter—I think he intends to be a minister. He said he wanted to take orders.

Mother—Huh! I guess he's looking for a job as waiter.

Our Present Divorce Laws.

Friend—How is your wife?

Citizen—Wife? I have no wife.

Friend—You certainly told me you were a married man.

Citizen—That was across the river, in another state. I am an old bachelor in this state.

CHOICE FLOWERS

ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

We have a large stock of Bedding Plants, Annuals, Hanging Baskets, &c., now ready.

We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cuts and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

S. TIDY & SON

TORONTO

Tel. Conservatories - - - 3057

Tel. Yonge Street - - - 2089

N. B.—Floral Decorations our Specialty. Funeral Offerings on short notice.

SUPPOSE YOU TRY A KEG? Ale and Porter delivered to any address—$1 50 a Keg. It's better than drugs.

SPADINA BREWERY

KENSINGTON AVE. TEL. 1303

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

IT is being said that surely black silks gave us our reputation for silk business. Well, we're never beat in black silks. The variety is very large, and the study of this list tells of price values. You've the double advantage just now that special sale prices are prevailing.

Black Surahs 25c., now 20c.
Black Surahs 60c., now 45c.
Black Surahs 80c., now 65c.
Black Surahs $1, now 75c.
Black Surahs, 25 in. wide, $1 37½, now $1.
Black Bengalines 45c., now 25c.
Black Gros Grain Silk, 21 in., 50c., were 60c.
Black Gros Grains, 21 in., 6 c. were 75c.
Black Gros Grains 85c., were $1.
Black Gros Grain, a leader, $1, was $1 25.
Black Gros Grains $1 50, were $2.
Black Satin Merv 37½c., was 45c.
Black Satin Merv 40c., was 50c.
Black Satin Merv 55c., was 65c.
Black Satin Merv 60c., was 75c.
Black Satin Merv 85c., was $1.
Black Satin Merv $1, was $1 25.
Black Peau de Sole 85c., was $1.
Black Peau de Sole $1, was $1 25.
Black Peau de Sole $1 25, was $1 50.
Black Peau de Sole $1 35, was $1 75
Black Mascottes $1, were $1 25.
Black Royals $1 35, were $1 75.
Black Bengalines $1, $1.15, were $1 35, $1.60.
Black Faille Francaise, 75c., $1, $1.25, were $1, $1.25, $1.65.
Black Moires, 65c., $1, $1 25, were 85c., $1 35, $1.50, $2
The cost of a silk purchase can be reduced in country friends by means of our mail order system. Write for samples.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrances Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 2 Queen Street West.

For the Seaside AND Summer Resorts

Cool blouses, choice range, 75c. up. Charming Delaines, dark, light and moderate shades—the best value for money. We import direct, choose tasty designs and serve you well. Delaines from 19c. up. Some pretty Pure Silk Mitts at 25c. per pair. Fine Cotton and Lisle Thread Hosiery.

Armson & Stone

212 YONGE STREET

"THE PENETANGUISHENE"

Boating, bathing, tennis, bowling, yachting, music, bass, pickerel, maskinonge; the finest scenery in the world; Canada's summer holiday ground; 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay; 577 feet above sea level. This hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Parties residing rooms will please communicate by wire or letter to S. BARNETT, Manager, Penetanguishene, Ont. Ask for illustrated booklets.

Oh, for Muskoka!

PAIGNTON HOUSE

Open for the Season June 20

SECURE ROOMS EARLY

JOHN F. PAIN - - Clevelands P. O.

MUSKOKA LAKE

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

TONDERN ISLAND

The most convenient and central point on the Muskoka Lakes. All steamers connect here. Parties leaving Toronto by morning express arrive at 4 p.m.; by night express, at 8 a.m.

EDWARD PROWSE

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This beautiful summer resort is a branch of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. It is situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario and the mouth of the Niagara River. Hops every Saturday evening during the season. For terms and illustrated circular apply to

McDAW & WINNETT,
Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE NO. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed

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ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Prof. Wanklyn, the greatest living authority on water, writes:

"LONDON, July 23, 1891.

"I have analyzed the Godes-Berger water and find that it is exquisitely pure. Its saline ingredients are normal, just those required to form an ideal table water.

(Signed) "J. ALFRED WANKLYN."

For Sale at all First-Class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King Street West—(up stairs)

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

We are now showing all the latest designs in French, English and American Patterns for

Spring and Summer Wear

Also a great variety of Millinery Novelties, Veilings, &c.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Ladies, Our Three Departments now fully opened. MILLINERY, choice spring stock, new shades. Latest designs in shapes, in great variety. Call and take advantage of our long experience.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING—Our Art, Fashion, Fit and Finish secured. Place orders early to insure prompt attention.

Headquarters for the "New and Perfect Tailor System." Cutting taught daily in all its branches.

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge Street

A CHARMING RESORT

If our citizens knew what delightful weather we are having here and how well the St. Leon Springs Hotel is managed they would take advantage of the cheap rates by water or rail and come to St Leon Springs in large numbers. The Saratoga of Canada.

M. A. THOMAS, of Toronto Manager

R. M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

Ladies' Oxford Shoes

RUSSIAN LEATHER

In Tan and Wine colors. Also Patent Leather and Kid.

Ease, Elegance and Economy combined.

J. D. KING & CO.

79 King Street East

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

IZOD'S CORSETS

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, Milk St., London.

Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

ARMAND'S

Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 2496

The Largest and Most Complete Establishment of its Kind in America.

LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in curling their own hair during the hot weather, for traveling, seaside, country or at home, should provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty little NATURAL CURLY BANG, never requiring curling. Prices from $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7 and higher, according to size, style and color.

OUR STYLES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommend themselves.

OUR STOCK of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Puffs, etc., is complete.

Specialty in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to suit.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever seen in this country, manufactured at the prices of the best imported French convents hair. Very reasonable prices.

Six private ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Photos, etc. Hair Dye and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extract pour moustache, le saint et les moins.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.

Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Perfumery,

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto.

"UNEQUALLED"

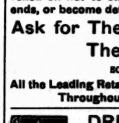
IS THE VERDICT OF All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them They are the Best

SOLD BY All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion



DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

Dresses Cut and Fitted

CORSETS TO ORDER

ANY STYLE.

E. J. CHUBB, 234½ Yonge Street, south of Trinity Square.

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her Fine Stock of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors, which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in style, while the prices are those of greatly inferior goods in the so-called cheap stores.

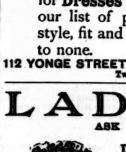
MISS DUFFY

Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for Dresses will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.

112 YONGE STREET, West Side

Two doors south of Adelaide.

LADIES ASK FOR



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The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

The Lake Shore House

SANDBANKS

Prince Edward County, Ont.

Is Now Open for the Season of 1892

These sand banks are the most famous in the world and have a beautiful sand beach miles in extent.

For bathing this place cannot be surpassed in any fresh water.

East and West lakes furnish all the good fishing the most sanguine could desire.

For further particulars apply to

McDONALD & HYATT, Props.

SANDBANKS P.O., Ont.

McMud McGinty

Who went to the bottom of the sea, said that the water was wet. Had he seen

McPHERSON'S

After the Flood he'd have taken it all back. Shoe Prices have sunk to the bottomless depths.

George McPherson - 186 YONGE ST.

25c CURLINE

Dorenwend's Celebrated Preparation

For Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair.

Give it a trial. For sale by all druggists or by

A. DORENWEND

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Notice Our Prices IN

Antique Bedroom Suites From $10 90 upwards

Dining-Room Suites From $17.50 upwards

Parlor Suites From $27.50 upwards

Carpet cleaning by our new Hygienic method, the best in the city.

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In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XV.

When the party met at dinner they were for a time somewhat silent, for all were exhausted by their hard work under a blazing sun, but their spirits rose under their surroundings.

The native servants had laid the table with as scrupulous care as usual; except that there was no display of flowers, no change was observable.

All had dressed after the work was over, and the men were in white drill, and the ladies had, from custom, put on light evening gowns.

The cook had prepared an excellent dinner, and as the champagne went round no stranger would have supposed that the party had met under such unusual circumstances. The doctor and the two subalterns were unaffectedly gay, and as the rest all made an effort to be cheerful, the languor that had marked the commencement of the dinner soon wore off.

"Wilson and Richards are becoming quite sportsmen," the doctor said. "They have tried their hands at tigers, but could hardly have expected to take part in elephant shooting. They can't quite settle between themselves as to which it was who sent the rajah's elephant flying among the crowd. Both declare they aimed at that special beast. So as there is no deciding the point we must consider the honor as divided."

"It was rather hard on us," Isobel said, "to be kept working below, instead of being up there seeing what was going on. But I consider we quite did our full share towards the defence to-day. My hands are quite sore with sewing up the mouths of those rough bags. I think the chief honors that way lie with Mrs. Rintoul. I am sure she sewed more bags than any of us. I had no idea that you were such a worker, Mrs. Rintoul."

"I used to be a quick worker, Miss Hannay, till lately. I have not touched a needle since I came out to India."

"I should recommend you to keep it up, Mrs. Rintoul," the doctor said. "It has done you more good than all my medicines. I don't believe I have prescribed for you for the last month, and I haven't seen you looking so well since you came out."

"I suppose I have not had time to feel ill, doctor," Mrs. Rintoul said, with a slight smile; "all this has been a sort of tonic."

"And a very useful one, Mrs. Rintoul. We are all of us the better for a little stirring up sometimes."

Captain Forster had as usual secured a place next to Isobel Hannay. He had been near her all day, carrying the bags as he filled them to her or to Mrs. Bathurst was sitting at the other end of the table, joining but little in the conversation.

"I thought Bathurst was going to faint again when the firing began, Miss Hannay," Captain Forster said, in a low voice. "It was quite funny to see him give a little start each shot that was fired, and his face was as white as my jacket. I never saw such a nervous fellow."

"You know he cannot help it, Captain Forster," Isobel said indignantly. "I don't think it is right to make fun of him for what is a great misfortune."

"I am not making fun of him, Miss Hannay. I am pitying him."

"It did not sound like it," Isobel said. "I don't think you can understand it, Captain Forster; it must be terrible to be like that."

"I quite agree with you, Miss Hannay. I should drown myself or put a bullet through my head if I could not show ordinary courage with a lot of ladies going on working quietly round me."

"You must remember that Mr. Bathurst showed plenty of courage in going out among the mutineers last night."

"Yes, he did that very well, but you see, he talks the language so thoroughly that, as he said himself, there was nothing risk in it."

"I don't like you to talk so, Captain Forster," Isobel said quietly. "I do not see much of Mr. Bathurst. I have not spoken to him half a dozen times in the house, but both my uncle and Dr. Wade have a high opinion of him and do not consider that he should be personally blamed for being nervous under fire. I feel very sorry for him, and would much rather that you did not make remarks like that about him. We have all our weak points, and no doubt many of them are a good deal worse than a mere want of nerve."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, Miss Hannay. I did not know that Bathurst was a *protege* of the major's or of the estimable doctor's, or I would have said nothing against him."

"I don't think Mr. Bathurst is the sort of man to be anyone's *protege*, Captain Forster," Isobel said coldly. "However, I think we had better change the subject."

This Captain Forster did easily and adroitly. He had no special feeling against Bathurst save a contempt for his weakness, and as he had met him but once or twice at the major's since he came to the station, he had no thought of him in the light of a rival.

Just as dinner was over Richards and one of the civilians came down from the terrace.

"I think that there is something up, major. I can hear noises somewhere near where Mr. Hunter's bungalow was."

"What sort of noises, Richards?"

"There is a sort of murmur as if there were a good many men there."

"Well, gentlemen, we had better go to our posts," the major said. "Doolan, please send your watch on the platforms by the wall. I will take my part up on to the terrace. Doctor, will you bring up some of those rockets you made the other day? We must try and find out what they are doing."

As soon as he gained the terrace with his party, the major requested everyone to remain perfectly still, and going forward to the parapet listened intently. In three or four minutes he returned to the others.

"There is a considerable body of men at work there," he said. "I can hear muffled sounds, like digging, and once or twice a sharp click, as if a spade struck against a stone; and much afraid they are throwing up a battery there. I was in hopes they would have begun in the open, because we could then reach the approaches; but if they begin among the trees, they can come in and out without our seeing them, and can bring up guns along the road without our being able to interfere with them. Mr. Bathurst, will you take down word to Captain Doolan, to put his men on the platform on that side. Tell him that I am going to throw up a rocket, as I believe they are erecting a battery near Hunter's bungalow, and that the men are to be ready to fire at once a volley if they can make them out. Tell them not to expose themselves too much, for if they are really at work there we shall have a good numbers of men posted in the shrubs all about to keep down our fire. Now, gentlemen, we will all lie down by the parapet. Take those spare rifles, and fire as quickly as you can while the light of the rocket lasts. Now, Mr. Wilson, we will get you to send up the rockets."

"You had better get the rocket and stand down behind the sand-bags; you can lay your rifles on them, so as to be able to fire as soon as you have lit the second rocket."

The doctor soon came up with the rockets; he had made three dozen the week before, and a number of blue lights, for the special purpose of detecting any movement that the enemy might make at night.

"I will fire them myself," he said, as Wilson offered to take them. "I have had charge of the fireworks in a score of *fetes* and that sort of thing, and am a pretty good hand at it. There, we will lean them against the sandbags. That is about it. Now, are you all ready, major?"

"All ready!" replied the major.

The doctor placed the end of his lighted cheroot against the touch-paper, there was a momentary pause, then a rushing sound, and the rocket soared high in the air, and then burst, throwing out four or five white fireballs, which lit up clearly the spot they were watching.

"There they are," the major exclaimed; "just to the right of the bungalow; there are scores of them."

The rifles, both from the terrace and the platforms below, cracked out in rapid succession, and another rocket flew up into the air and burst. But no light had faded out each of the defenders had fired his four shots. Shouts and cries from the direction in which they fired showed that many of the bullets had told, whilst almost immediately a sharp fire broke out from the bushes round them.

"Don't mind the fellows in the bushes," the major said, "but keep up your fire on the battery. We know its exact position now, though we cannot actually make them out."

"Let them wait while I go down and get a bit of phosphorus," the doctor said. "I have some in the surgery. They will only throw away their fire in the dark without it."

He soon returned, and when all the fore and back sights had been rubbed by the phosphorus the firing recommenced, and the doctor and Wilson down with the phosphorus to the men on the platforms facing the threatened point.

Bathurst was returning after having given the message to Captain Doolan, when Mrs. Hunter met him in the passage. She put her hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Bathurst, if you will take my advice you will remain quietly here. The doctor tells me they are going to open fire, and it is not the least use your going out and exposing yourself to be shot when you know that you will be of no use. You showed us yesterday that you could be of no use in a skirmish; and I have no doubt you will have opportunities of doing so again. I can assure you none of us will think any the worse of you for not being able to struggle against a nervous weakness that gives you infinite pain. If they were attacking it would be different; I know you would be among the foremost to share in that."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hunter," he said, "but I must go up. I grant that I shall be of no use, but at least I will take any chance that the others run of being shot. A man does not flinch from a painful operation, and whatever the pain, it has to be faced. I may get used to it in time, but whether I do or not I must go through it, though I do not say it doesn't hurt."

At this moment the rattle of musketry broke out above. Bathurst gave a violent start and a low cry as of pain; the doctor, who had each shot that was fired, and his face was as white as my jacket. I never saw such a nervous fellow."

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as long as the wall is intact there is no reason whatever why you should not remain on the floor above."

There was a general exclamation of pleasure.

"That will be vastly better, uncle," Isobel said; "it is hateful being hidden away down here when we have nothing to do but to listen to the firing; we don't see why some of us should not go up on to the terrace to load the rifles for you."

"Not at present, Isobel, we are not pressed yet. When it comes to a real attack it will be time to consider about that. I don't think any of us would shoot straighter if there were women up among us in danger."

"I don't at all see why it should be worse our being in danger than for you men, major," Mrs. Doolan said; "we have just as much at stake and more, and I warn you I shall organize a female mutiny if we are not allowed to help."

The major laughed.

"Well, Mrs. Doolan, I shall have to convert this store-room into a prison, and all who defy my authority will be immured here, so now you know the consequence of disobedience."

"And has no one been hurt with all that firing, Major Hannay?" Mary Hunter asked.

"A good many people have been hurt, Miss Hunter, but no one on our side. I fancy we must have made it very hot for them with the guns, and the doctor and Mr. Farquharson have been teaching them not to climb trees. At present, that firing you hear is against those who are hiding in the gardens."

An hour later the firing ceased altogether, the natives finding the fire of the defenders so deadly that they no longer dared, by discharging a rifle, to show where they were hiding. They had drawn off from the more distant clumps and bushes, but dared not try and crawl from those nearer the house until after night-fall.

The next morning it was found that during the night the enemy had closed up their embrasures, leaving only openings sufficiently large for the muzzle of the gun to be thrust through, and soon after daybreak they renewed their fire. The doctor and Mr. Farquharson alone remained on the roof, and throughout the day they kept up a steady fire at these openings whenever the guns were withdrawn. Several of the sand bags were knocked off the parapet during the course of the day, and a few shots found their way through the walls of the upper storey, but beyond this no damage was done. The mining was kept up with great vigor, and the gallery advanced rapidly, the servants finding it very hard work to remove the earth as fast as the miners brought it down.

Captain Forster offered to go out with three others at night to try and get into the battery and spike the guns, but Major Hannay would not permit the attempt to be made.

"We know they have several other guns," he said, "and the risk would be altogether too great, for there would be practically no chance of your getting back and being drawn up over the wall before you were overtaken, even if you succeeded in spiking the guns. There are probably a hundred men sleeping in the battery, and it is likely they would have sentries out in front of it. The loss of four men would seriously weaken the garrison."

The next morning another battery to the left was unmasked, and on the following day three guns were planted, under cover, so as to play against the gate. The first battery now concentrated its fire upon the outer wall, the new battery played upon the upper part of the house, and the three guns kept up a steady fire at the gate.

There was little rest for the besieged now. It was a constant duel between their rifles and the guns, varied by their occasionally turning their attention to men who climbed trees, or who from the roofs of some buildings overstanding endeavored to keep down their fire.

Wilson had been released from his labors in the gallery, Bathurst undertaking to get down the earth single-handed as fast as the servants could remove it.

"Never saw such a fellow to work, Miss Hannay," Wilson said one day, when he was off duty and happened to find her working alone at some bandages. "I know you don't like him, but he is a first-rate fellow as ever was one. It is unlucky for him being so nervous at the guns, but that is no fault of his after all, and I am sure in other things he is as cool as possible. Yesterday, I was standing close to him, shoving the earth back to the men as he got it down. Suddenly he shouted, 'Run, Wilson, the roof is coming down!' I could not help bolting a few yards, for the earth came pattering down as he spoke; then I looked round and saw him standing there, by the light of the lamp, like those figures you see holding up pillars; I forget what they call them—catydies or something of that sort."

"Caryatides," Isobel put in.

"Yes, that is the name. Some timber had given way above him and he was holding it up with his arms. I should say that there must have been half a ton of it, and he said as quietly as possible: 'Get two of those short poles, Wilson, and put up one on each side of me. I can hold it a bit, but don't be longer than you can help.' I managed to shove up the timber so that he could slip out before it came down. It would have crushed us both to a certainty if he had not held it up."

"Why do you say you know I don't like Mr. Bathurst?"

"I don't exactly know, Miss Hannay, but I have noticed you are the only lady who does not chat with him. I don't think I have seen you speak to him since we have come in here. I am sorry, because I like him very much and I don't care for Forster at all."

"Why, what has Captain Forster to do with it?" Isobel asked somewhat indignantly.

"Oh, nothing at all, Miss Hannay, only, you know, Bathurst used to be a good deal at the major's before Forster came, and then after that I never met him there except on that evening before he came in here. Now, you know, Miss Hannay," he went on earnestly, "what I think about you I have not been such an ass as to suppose I ever had a chance, though you know I would lay down my life for you willingly; but I did not seem to mind Bathurst. I know he is an awfully good fellow, and would have made you very happy; but I don't feel like that with Forster. There is nothing in the world that I should like better than to punch his head; and when I see a fellow like that has cut Bathurst out altogether, it makes me so savage sometimes that I have to go and smoke a pipe outside or not to break out and have a row with him."

"You ought not to talk so, Mr. Wilson. It is very wrong. You have no right to say that anyone has cut anyone else out as far as I am concerned. I know you are all fond of me in a brotherly sort of way, and I like you very much; but that gives you no right to say such things about other people. Mr. Bathurst ceased his visits, not because of Captain Forster but from another reason altogether; and certainly I have neither said nor done anything that would justify your saying that Captain Forster had cut Mr. Bathurst out. Even if I had, you ought not to have alluded to such a thing. I am not angry with you," she said, seeing how downcast he looked, "but you must not talk like that any more; it would be wrong at any time; it is specially so now, when we are all shut up here together, and none can say what will happen to us."

"It seemed to me that was just the reason why I could speak about it, Miss Hannay. We may none of us get out of this fix we are in, and I do think we ought all to be friends together now. Richards and I both agreed that as it was certain neither of us had a chance of winning you, the next best thing was to see you and Bathurst come together. Well, now all that's over, of course, but is it wrong for me to ask how it is you have come to dislike him?"

"But I don't dislike him, Mr. Wilson."

"Well then, why do you go on as if you didn't like him?"

Isobel hesitated. From most men she would have considered the question impertinent and would have resented it, but this frank-faced boy meant no impertinence; he loved her in his honest way and only wanted to see her happy.

"I can't speak to him if he doesn't speak to me," she said desperately.

"No, of course not," he agreed, "but why shouldn't he speak to you? You can't have done anything to offend him except taking up with Forster."

"It has nothing to do with Captain Forster at all, Mr. Wilson; I——" and she hesitated. "I——said something at which he had the right to feel hurt and offended, and he has never given me any opportunity since of saying that I was sorry.

"I am sure you would not have said anything that he should have been offended about, Miss Hannay; it is not your nature, and I would not believe it whoever told me, not even yourself; so he must be in fault, and of course I have nothing more to say about it."

"He wasn't in fault at all, Mr. Wilson. I can't tell you what I said, but it was very wrong and thoughtless on my part, and I have been sorry for it ever since, and he has a perfect right to be hurt and not to come near me, especially as——" and she hesitated, "as I have acted badly since, and he has no reason for supposing that I am sorry. And now you must not ask me any more about it. I don't know why I have said as much to you as I have, only I know I can trust you, an I I like you very much, though I could never like you in the sort of way you would want me to. I wish you didn't like me like that."

"Oh, never mind me," he said earnestly, "I am all right, Miss Hannay; I never expected anything, you know, so I am not disappointed, and it has been awfully good of you talking to me as you have and not getting mad with me for interfering. But I can hear them coming down from the terrace, and I must be off. I am on duty there, you know, now. Bathurst has undertaken double work in that hole. I didn't like it, really; it seemed mean to be getting out of the work and letting him do it all, but he said that he liked work, and I really think he does. I am sure he is always worrying himself because he can't take his share in the firing on the roof, and when he is working he hasn't time to think about it. When he told me that in future he would drive the tunnel for our shift himself, he said, 'That will enable you to take your place on the roof, Wilson, and you must remember you are firing for both of us, so don't throw away a shot.' It is awfully rough on him, isn't it? Well, good bye, Miss Hannay," and Wilson hurried off to the roof.

(To be Continued.)

Thea's Mistake: An Island Story.

Written for Saturday Night by Betty Berne.

We were sitting idly on the beach, Birdie Morris and I, chatting as girls do. It was near sunset and the soft, warm light fell on the blue water, which was almost motionless, except when the waves from a passing steamer set the bell-buoy ringing slowly.

"Oh, I must show you this, Thea," said Birdie, drawing a small book of poems from her pocket. "There is such a pretty thing about——"

Just then I caught sight of the words, "Compliments of H. Munro." My curiosity for the moment mastered my politeness:

"And who is H. Munro, pray?"

"Haven't you seen him at the dances sometimes? Fair, good-looking man. He is living at the Arlington. He doesn't like the Islands—too Bohemian, don't you know—and he wouldn't be seen in flannels; but he likes the dances—and he likes me!" Birdie wound up with a roguish look from her large brown eyes. Very deceptive eyes they were, earning for Birdie the reputation of a sad flirt, while she was really a dear, merry little soul, and not nearly sentimental as she looked.

"How would Jack like that?" I said, peering into her brown face.

"Jack trusts me," Birdie said, looking down at the sand she was running between her fingers. "He is coming down this winter." Then, glancing quickly from under her long lashes, "Won't people be surprised at my marrying a ranchman away out on the prairie?"

A shadow fell across the sand at our feet, and Harry Forrest appeared, straw hat in hand, looking a little sheepish, as handsome young six-footers do sometimes, his usually immaculate white flannel suit rather wet and dirty, and carrying a great bunch of dripping white water lilies.

"You said you liked them, Miss Fair," he said, "and I saw these this afternoon in one of the lagoons. I wonder why they grow in such dirty, weedy places."

The lilies were lovely, but before I could half thank Mr. Forrest he was hurrying away. I know he felt uncomfortable over those horrid green streaks on his clothes.

Papa's business had called him to England, and we had taken such a sweet cottage for a few weeks. Papa thought the Island agreed with the children and they certainly seemed to enjoy running about, puddling in the water, building houses in the sand and burning their little legs and faces a rich copper color. I had left school not too long ago to enjoy everything to its full value.

I had only been a few days on the Island when I met Mr. Forrest at a friend's house. He was a young English fellow and knew few Toronto people, but mamma took quite a fancy to him and he came a good deal to our house. He had a lovely canoe, and someway I generally happened to find myself in it if a party of us were paddling up the Point.

We often went up on fine evenings to hear the band, and I think the crowds of people who came over from town found some amusement in watching us stroll about in our pretty, careless Island dress, carrying our paddles.

When the music was over we would return, and while the others sang in chorus we two would often talk quietly, not minding the long streaks of red and green light from the Point which followed our canoe so slyly.

We went to a bonfire party the night after I received the water lilies. A great pile of sticks was made on the beach, and as it burst into flame we all gathered in a circle about it, the light revealing many picturesque groups and great diversity of attitude as we accommodated ourselves to the shawls we spread on the sand.

Presently Harry Forrest crept up behind me. "Who is sharing taffy so amiably with Miss Morris on the other side of the fire? Why, it's Munro. I wonder what brought him over this evening."

It was indeed Mr. Munro, bending in quite a tender manner over Birdie, who was sparkling wonderful glances at him, dimpling with fun.

Someone was playing a banjo, and one by one the voices fell into an old chorus. The fire was burning low, and near us a girl was laughingly telling the fortune of a young fellow from his outstretched palm.

"I understand palmistry," said Harry, "let me see your hand."

"Yes," taking it gently, as I stretched it toward the waning firelight, "this means you are to have a long life, this that you will be happy. And," very daringly, "you're going to marry a tall dark maid."

I knew his brown eyes were full of mischief, but I did not deign to notice this.

"Indeed! Is he handsome?"

"Well, that is for you to say."

Then I heard a man's voice say quite distinctly, "Harry is very attentive to that little girl; I wonder if she knows he is married."

I sprang to my feet.

"Mamma is beckoning me," I said; and when I went and whispered to her that I was tired and chilled, she took me home at once.

I would not tell her how my pride was hurt, and she did not know I never slept: I was too angry.

Over and over "that little girl" rang in my ears. That anyone should presume to think I cared if Harry Forrest was married!

In the morning my little sister Lillie wanted to bathe, and although I felt tired and wretched I went with her to see that she did not stay too long in the water.

Lillie's large eyes of forget-me-not blue gave her a most angelic look, but she was a dreadful pickle, and led me a sad life.

Plunging into the water in her ridiculous striped bathing-suit, she entered into a mad game with some other children who were there.

"Come, Lillie dear," at length I said, "you have been in long enough."

My voice might have been the wind; Lillie ignored my mild request, and continued to splash and prance about a few yards from the shore. Then I grew stern.

At this she ran towards me, but as I stretched out my hand to draw her in, she was gone again.

At last when I was tired of alternate scolding and coaxing, she came to me and was conveyed blue and shivering to the cottage.

Mamma was standing on the veranda, a telegram in her hand.

"Your father will be here to-night, Thea, and we must return to town as soon as possible."

Of course I should be glad to see papa and it was a relief to get away from the Island, yet I felt sad, and as a wind rose, and large white-crested waves splashed on the beach, it seemed that our happy holiday was over.

Towards evening, as I was alone on the veranda arranging a cluster of the pretty purple Island bells, Harry Forrest appeared. He had heard of our intended departure, said, talking in a confused, eager way, before I could stop him he had asked me to marry him.

"How dare you say this to me?" I asked with flaming cheeks, and I thought he would have quailed before my angry eyes which saw his deceit. But he only looked hurt and very much surprised, and when he asked me to explain I could not help telling him what I had heard.

"And did you think he meant me?" he said, still looking hurt. "Of course he was speaking of Munro. His name is Harry, too; his wife is at the sea-side. I was not alarmed about the little girl, as I thought Miss Birdie knew how to take care of herself."

Harry evidently thought I did not, for he seemed most anxious to assume that charge; and when papa came over by the last boat he was much surprised at the request which he received.

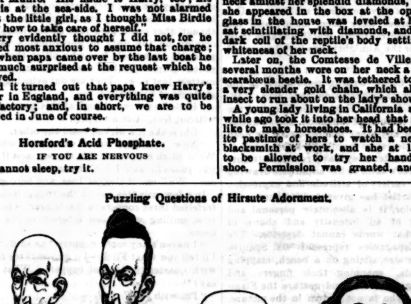
And it turned out that papa knew Harry's father in England, and everything was quite satisfactory; and, in short, we are to be married in June of course.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
IF YOU ARE NERVOUS
and cannot sleep, try it.

Stern Precautions Necessary.

Employer (to porter)—Michael, Mr. Lager, the bookkeeper, complains of feeling ill. As this is the baseball season, you may see him home, and bring me a receipt for him, signed by his wife!—*Puck.*

Puzzling Questions of Hirsute Adornment.



Why will a man with a face like this—

—arrange his hair and raise whiskers in this fashion?—

—And a man whose head is built in this manner—

?—arrange his beard this way?

TAKE

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring,* it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer,* it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn,* it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter,* it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

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Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Has cured others, will cure you

Lovers Are Nuisances.

Have you ever been in a house where a couple are courting? It is most trying. You think you will go and sit in the drawing-room, and you march off there. As you open the door you hear a noise as if someone had suddenly recollected something, and when you get in Emily is over by the window, full of interest in the opposite side of the road, and John Edward is at the other end of the room with his whole mind in the hall by photographs of other people's relatives.

"Oh!" you say, pausing at the door, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"Oh, didn't you?" says Emily coldly, in a tone which implies that she does not believe you.

You hang about for a bit, says Jerome K. Jerome in Three Men in a Boat, then you remark:

"It is very dark. Why don't you light the gas?"

John Edward says he hadn't noticed it, and Emily says papa does not like the gas lighted in the afternoon.

You tell them one or two items of news, and give them your opinion on the Irish question, but this does not appear to interest them. All the remark is, "Oh! is it?" "Did he?" "Yes," and "You don't say so!" And after ten minutes of such conversation you edge up to the door and slip out, and are surprised to find that the door immediately closes behind you and shuts itself without your having touched it.

Half an hour later you think you will try a pipe in the conservatory. The only chair in the place is occupied by Emily and John Edward, if the language of clothes can be relied upon, has evidently been sitting upon the floor. They do not speak, but they give you a look that says that it can be said in a civilized community, and you back out promptly and shut the door behind you.

You are afraid to poke your nose into any room in the house now, so after walking up and down the stairs for a while, you go and sit in your own bedroom. This becomes uninteresting, you never, after a time, and so you put on your hat and stroll out into the garden. You walk down the path, and as you pass the summer-house you notice its, and there are those two young idiots huddled up in one corner of it, and they see you and are evidently under the idea that, for some wicked purpose of your own, you are following them about.

"Why don't they have a special room for this sort of thing and make people stay in it? you mutter as you turn back to the hall, get your umbrella and go out.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.—I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for several years. Diamond Vera-Cura has effectually cured me. Considering it a duty to make known the fact, I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the many that you will undoubtedly receive. Diamond Vera-Cura tablets are certainly the most convenient, clean, and, I might say, inviting form of medicine that I have ever known.

Yours appreciatively,
E. F. BASSETT.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

Strange Freaks of Women

The story is told of a lady of respectable position who ordered her apparel in such a way that it never could be said of her that she wore a pair of anything. She wore stockings of different colors and gloves of opposite hues; and, in the same way, introduced strong contrasts into other portions of her daily attire. When taxed with her eccentricity, she modestly, she could only say that it made her uncomfortable to do otherwise.

Many other freaks of feminine eccentricity in connection with dress might be cited, but it would be difficult to instance anything more absurd than the craze in France some quarter of a century ago for using snakes and insects as toilet adornments.

The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne used to keep a little live snake in her pocket, and, in spite of the entreaties of her husband and her friends, would insist upon having it for a companion at public functions.

Madame Musard wore a small viper on her neck amidst her splendid diamonds, and when she appeared in the box at the opera, every glass in the house was leveled at her; as she sat scintillating with diamonds, and with the dark coil of the reptile's body setting off the whiteness of her neck.

Later on, the Comtesse de Villeneuve for several months wore on her neck a beautiful cameleon lizard. It was tethered by a very slender gold chain, which allowed the insect to run about on the lady's shoulder.

A young lady living in California some little while ago took it into her head that she would like to make horseshoes. It had been a favorite pastime of hers to watch a neighboring blacksmith at work, and she at last asked to be allowed to try her hand upon a shoe. Permission was granted, and she did so well that she continued the employment, and came to be largely patronized. Specimens of her handiwork were subsequently exhibited at San Francisco, and the blacksmith who taught her sent one of the horseshoes as a present to Queen Victoria.

Known by the Hand.

A sculptor who believed that the character could be read from the hand, once declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than an idiot for his caution, but his hand judgment turned out correct after all, for another sculptor having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment.

Another of these hand readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there were some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers that he disliked. The matter weighed on his mind. He was a queer sort of fellow and plain-spoken.

"My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a very lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection, but the more I study your hand the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break off the engagement."

They did. She married another man, and eloped with a third in less than four years.

An Easy "Bull's-Eye."

A waggish broker, who is widely and popularly known on the stock exchange, is rejoicing in the country, and he made considerable fun for himself and his associates last week. He is by no means noted as a marksman, and when he took half a dozen of his town associates round to the back of the house one morning and showed them a bullet embedded in the half-post of a target, neatly painted on a barn door, the natural enquiry was—"Who fired the shot?"

"I fired the shot at a distance of two hundred yards," said the waggish broker earnestly.

"Oh, pshaw! Nonsense! Pooh-pooh! You couldn't have hit the barn at that distance," were the comments of his friends.

But the waggish broker was persistent, and he suggested that perhaps some of his friends would like to bet.

Yes, two or three of them were willing to wager almost anything, from a dinner to a hundred pounds, that the young broker did not fire that shot. Accordingly, he took five of a dinner for ten men and another for a case of champagne. Then he brought out two witnesses—two distinguished men—who very soberly declared that they had seen him with a rifle, standing at a distance of two hundred yards away, put the bullet where it was.

The credibility of the witnesses was above suspicion, and the bets were paid by the losers. During the merry-making that followed, the waggish broker confessed that he had painted the target on the barn after he had fired the shot.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

THERE is a measure of satisfaction in discovering that your own weakness is shared by others, and that the supposed peculiarities of your own community are found to exist in a greater community which we have always regarded as the model of good form. I see that Clement Scott, the dramatic critic of the *Illustrated London News*, has been taken in as completely in a certain matter as have been succeeding generations of Toronto reporters fresh from the University with their imperfect theories and unimpaired good faith. Speaking of Bernhardt's present performance of Sardou's penny dreadful interpretation of Cleopatra, he says that Bernhardt "has always loved London and London audiences." That is a piece of flattery with which the divine Sarah has hoodwinked every city all round the world wherein she has appeared for a second time. She has, as local critics will testify, an affection for Toronto and Toronto audiences, and I think when last here she tried to explain to the representative of a daily paper how it was that she had grown to love us so. Other cities on both hemispheres had turned out larger audiences to meet her, but there was always lacking some measure of that appreciative sympathy and rare delicacy of judgment met with in Toronto. It did us good to hear her say so, but when I come to think of it, Joe Murphy, whose art is in another line, has very nearly the same feeling, though he never attempts to define it. Then Patti, when she was at the Pavilion a short time ago, seated on a couch and looking with a longnette through a chink in her dressing-room at the tumbling multitude fighting for five dollar seats, spoke almost with tears in her eyes of the excessive love she felt in her heart for Toronto and Toronto audiences. She also—it is a feminine trait—tried to go into a psychological analysis of her feelings toward us. So long as she could win unstinted applause in Toronto she could feel confident that her powers were not waning, for here there prevailed a refinement of musical feeling which she had sighed for in vain elsewhere throughout the world. But this was only a part of what was revealed by an examination of her heart. She loved Toronto still more because of the way the ladies dressed to hear her sing; elsewhere she had seen more display, more superficial grandeur, more diamonds and false hair, but never the refined elegance and simplicity of apparel worn in Toronto. That also was pleasant to the ear, but then I recollect Lewis Morrison coming out before the audience in the guise of that slippery fiend who ruined Faust and undermined the virtue of the angelic Marguerite, and with Satan's own insincerity of smile assuring the audience that he loved them as his very own. Keene, as the miserly and malicious Shylock and as the infamous Richard, has solemnly asserted his love for us; yes, and so has Robert Mantell and Roland Reed, and Hermann and all the kings and princes of minstrelsy, the queens of soubrettes and the houris of high kicking. Now we, the people of Toronto, are either the finest on earth or else are too easily flattered by the empty words of stage folks who make a living. The fact that Bernhardt professes to love London and London audiences and that the avowal of the passion is taken in triumphant good faith by a critic like Clement Scott, has disquieted my soul within me by implying that Sarah is a flirt. You cannot depend on her affection after she boards the outgoing train. Yet if it is a professional habit to mock audiences everywhere with declarations of love, the news from London is comforting, for it shows that the metropolis of the world is as soft and as tenderly green as is this provincial metropolis.

MACK.

The same critic referred to above institutes the following comparison, and grieves over the departed glory of the London Royalty Theater: From the sublime to the ridiculous, from great art to absolute vulgarity. It was a curious contrast: the crowded, animated house when Sarah Bernhardt played in the English Opera House, and the wretched, low-class, down-at-heel show at the little Royalty in Dean street, Soho, when we and the public were asked to listen to a new dramatist who has some spite against the Jews. And the public was asked to pay half-a-guinea in order to enjoy the fun of Moses and Son. Ah me, what a falling off was there! I have had many a happy and merry evening at the little Royalty. There I saw Ellen Terry almost for the first time. She played a wonderful part, in which a serpent is supposed to twine round a lovely woman and drive her mad. There I saw Adelaide Neilson play Juliet for the first time in her life. There I first saw Charles Wyndham and David James. I was present in Dean street when Burnand's Ixion took the town by storm on the first night—days of Ada Cavendish in burlesque, and Lydia Maitland and Felix Rogers and Jenny Wilmore. Here Frank Marshall produced his first farce, Mad as a Hatter, and went every night to laugh at it for a fortnight. Here came Patty Oliver and her pretty plays—Meg's Diversion and the like—and again Burnand's burlesque Black-Eyed Susan, with Patty Oliver and Fris Dewar; and now on the site where Miss Kelly founded her dramatic school it has drifted down to Moses and Son! French plays, the best of burlesques, light comedies, wholesome fun, gradually dwindle into Moses and Son. Will all London theaters come at last to this complexion, I wonder! Anything sadder than Moses and Son to an old play-goer cannot be cited, and I have already received indignant letters containing remonstrances for daring to stand in the way of young dramatists who were to expose abuses on the stage. No one can complain of the impersonality of the English stage. The unhappily married woman writes a play in order to dishonor that villain man; the wretchedly circumstanced man writes a play in order to air his misogynist principles; the man or woman who hates usurers, or tailors, or milliners, or sandlestick-makers, all write plays in order to air their grievances. Why on earth do they not preach in Hyde Park? It would be a far less expensive entertainment than taking a theater in which to preach.

A remark made by a clever London lady the other day is worth recording. A gentleman whom she much dislikes said to her: "I know that you have a great and deserved reputation for artistic taste. Now would you kindly exercise it on my behalf by telling me whom you would recommend me to have my portrait painted by?" The reply was prompt: "By Rosa Bonheur."

In the arena of the Wild West show in London, this week, a game of baseball will be played between a team of American actors and a team of American cowboys. The actors' nine will be captained by Harry McIntosh, and will include De Wolf Hopper, James T. Powers, Ned Cleary, Ed. and Sam Sothern, David Lyngworth, Howard Kyle and Nat Goodwin.

George W. Childs says that in his youth he had many offers of free theater tickets, but never accepted them. "There is a deep philosophy in this," comments the *Spirit of the Times*. "The person who accepts free admissions to a theater is demoralized forever afterward, and is never willing to pay his way through life."

Art and Artists.

MONTAGUE MARKS writing in the *Art Amateur* discusses in an interesting way a picture of disputed origin: "Among the picture exhibitions of the season I have been looking forward to seeing the Rembrandt du Pecq. Mr. Yerkes said that he would show it in New York—to oblige a friend. But he has it in Chicago, and he is not showing it to anybody. All personal gossip on the subject aside, the painting must be one of great interest, no matter who painted it. There is an etching of the picture in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, of April, 1890, and the arguments as to the claim that it is by Rembrandt are very fairly considered. The subject is said to be Abraham and the Three Angels; but while two of the younger figures are winged, the third, on whom all eyes are fixed, is an ordinary mortal. It has also been suggested that the picture may have been meant for Raguel receiving at his table the young Tobias and the archangel Raphael. But who, then, would be the all-important fourth personage? Judging from the accessories, it is the Passover feast that is represented; but who the partakers may be no one seems able even to suggest. It appears from the *Gazette* that Mr. Bonnat and Mr. Emile Michel, *connoisseurs éprouvés*, pronounced against the attribution of the painting to Rembrandt. On the other hand, there is nothing to show decidedly that it is the work of any of his pupils, though Arnold de Gelder, de Panditz, Dietrich, Boland, Van den Eeckhout have all been spoken of in connection with it. Blue eyes, the writer in the *Gazette* thinks, would appear in many of Rembrandt's paintings but for the coat of yellow varnish that covers them. Palette knife-work, such as is seen in this picture, is found in several. Mr. Georges Monval has discovered that a copy of a painting, by Benediction, attributed to Rembrandt, was part of the collection of a Robert Soyer, sold in 1802, and believes that this is the picture. However this may be, Mr. Louis Gonse, who writes the *Gazette* article, is of opinion that the picture is worthy of Rembrandt. He says, though, that it has suffered much in being transferred to a new canvas, about the beginning of this century. The varnish and glazings have almost completely disappeared, he remarks, and the subtly painted parts have suffered still more. Unlucky retouches have been made; still the head of the central figure, which he takes to be intended for the Almighty, has luckily escaped almost intact."

Theodore Child, writing from Paris of the exhibition in the Champs de Mars, says: "W. T. Dannat's Femmes Espagnoles is one of the sensational pictures of the Salon, and so unlike the work of any other painter living or dead that the critics seem hardly to know what to say about it, after they have rendered tribute to the painter's skill, to his admirable drawing and to the variety of attitude and expression which the artist has given to his figures. As for the color, it is absolutely personal and novel, and of an intensity and charm of harmony that words cannot describe. The Femmes Espagnoles represent six Spanish women, life size, sitting on a bench, clapping their hands, snapping their fingers and encouraging with voice and gesture the Flamenca dancer who is not shown in the picture. Mr. Dannat has the satisfaction of having produced a complete picture, the expression of his own dream, bearing the mark of his own refined and subtle personality—a work that has the privilege of provoking violent discussion, and of inspiring in some strong admiration and in others equally strong detestation. In these days of indifference surely this is no small success. Mr. Dannat's five small pictures are all excellent, and indicative on the part of the artist of a persistent research of beauty. Among American artists who exhibit works of more or less merit are Messrs. J. G. Borglum, J. Briggs-Potter, F. B. Chadwick, Miss Harriet C. Foss, Kenneth Frazier, Miss Lilian Greene, W. R. Hyde, A. P. Lucas, Marcus Simons, Mrs. Elizabeth Nourse, A. V. Renouf-Whelpley, Miss M. K. Trotter, Leslie Cauldwell, Miss Amy Cross, Miss Adele McGinnis, Howard Cushing, Miss Jenny Haight, S. F. Holman, Henry Muhrmann, Angelico Patterson.

Mr. P. Clements Taber speaking of Bougereau says: "He is very fond of the American people, and can smile very sweetly when talking with, or of, the Americans, but does not speak English at all. He says he will give the Americans fifty years only to excel the world in art. An American art student can certainly accomplish more in three years than a Frenchman can in five. His house and studio is 75 Rue Notre Dame de Champs, a short walk from the Luxembourg, in the Latin quarter, where most of the American art students are located. The American Art Club is in that locality also. Bougereau is not handsome, but has a kind, pleasant face, except when he sees a drawing that does not please him. His face tells the story whether he likes the work done by the student or not. He is a small, thick-set man with gray hair and beard and small, bright eyes. He is of light complexion, with a more ruddy tint than most of the French people. He stands very high with the nation, ranking almost next to the President, I am told, there. He is considered the finest draughtsman in the world, but some of the French people think he paints too smooth and pretty. Others almost venerate him in that respect. He is a widower, and his place in the Luxembourg called Consolation was painted after the death of a little son. Rumor says he is engaged to Elizabeth Gardner, formerly of New Hampshire, U. S., who has taken private lessons of him for twenty-five years. Her paintings are so like his one has to look for the name.

The Game of Beggar Toss.

ON the wayside sat a crippled beggar upon a stool, and hanging over his breast was a framed petition to the charitable to help a worthy man who had been the victim of an unfortunate accident and who, through inability to speak English, was debarred from even the pitiable resource of begging in the language understood by the passing multitude.

Two youths of sober mien came along, each carrying books and walking slowly. They were products of the time—crammed with theories and rules of morality, versed in theology and grounded in all the good principles that hoary heads have enunciated. They were the finished product of the day school run by electricity and of the Sunday school run with a belief in the practicability of perfect holiness. Young in years they had bargained away the sap of youth for the precious dust of wisdom accumulated in the process of nature only by the aged. They were honest, good and just, commencing each with himself and thence radiating his justice out to the limits of mankind. It was quite a span, you see, out to this wayside beggar.

"What is your opinion about such characters as this?" asked one, as they sauntered up.

"Well, I seldom give them anything. I have read that in New York some of these fellows make as much as twenty dollars a day, and this one seems to pull along all right, for I've seen him around for years. He may be comfortably off, or he may get lots of money and drink it. It is risky giving money to such people!"

"You're right. I object to the whole principle of the thing. Now what right has this man who can't speak English to be here living on the charity of Canadians? Why is he not shipped back to Italy, or France, or wherever he comes from? His own countrymen should support him. The Government should take hold and put a stop to this sort of thing."

And they sauntered out of hearing, discussing the duty of governments, the relations of labor and capital and the essential depravity of the average beggar. Each walked along calmly debating these vast problems, while in his midst lay an undigested dinner, verandahed over by stooping shoulders and stilted up on spindle shanks.

* * * * * *

Along come two other young men of different stamp. They too are products of the time. Not proving sufficiently malleable for the educational machinery in vogue, they were allowed to fall aside in disfavor. It is the fate of one-half those who are born nowadays. They are stout, powerful animals who can digest anything they can eat; they carry no books, having learned to hate them in the school-room, and though they could give just as serviceable an opinion on the duty of governments as any pedantic young pale-face who pities their supposed stupidity, they are thinking of other matters just now. They are out evincing their gladness at being alive.

"Hello," says one, "look at this poor codger without feet. Got a copper?"

"Oh, make it a nickel," said the other.

"Now you hold on. I've got a scheme. We'll pitch coppers at his tin cup and if you put yours in and I don't he gets my copper—see? We'll call it Beggar Toss, and have goes."

In a few minutes one of the young men had forfeited three coppers to the beggar, who was now smiling with keen interest in the new game.

"I haven't any more coppers," he said, "but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll go you three times with quarters instead of coppers. What d'ye say?"

"I'm with you."

They pitched that game out and when it was over one had left twenty-eight cents and the other fifty cents with the astonished beggar. And as they went laughing down the street, followed by the eyes of the beggar on the wayside, I would not be surprised if he said I compared the two sorts of young men and recorded a similar mental verdict.

ZEKE.

Not Afraid.

Husband—If you don't stop using those cosmetics you'll have facial paralysis.

Wife—Well, you've often said my features look best in repose.

Cricket News.

IT is quite a notable thing for a local cricketer to make a century, but P. C. Goldingham has accomplished it twice already this season, making 101 not out against 'Varsity a few weeks ago and retiring for 104 in the game against Whitby on Dominion Day. This latter was a high scoring game, on one side at least, Toronto making 268 against Whitby's 20. Saunders was run out at 65, P. Barton made 24, Wood 17, Capt. Brown 14, Shanly 10 and Jones 10.

On the Bloor street grounds the Toronto club on the same day defeated Pickering. In the first innings the winners made 144, of which Fleury's 68 was the feature. He batted with rare patience until an opportunity came; then he hit unmercifully. Lorne Cosby 22, F. W. Terry 21, Stokes 10 and Jack Counsell 6 not out, were the other winning contributions. The Pickering bowling was more destructive in the second innings and the Torontos were retired for the smaller score of 53, but be it said Fleury was absent. Of Pickering's 55 in the first innings Joe Clark made 35, Turnbull 14, and W. Gormley 11 not out. In the second innings they put up 64 for seven wickets when time was called. T. Andrew put up 38 of this total by hard and well judged hitting, until he was well caught at the boundary line by Counsell. C. H. C. Wright, whose sharp fielding was repeatedly applauded, was batting in nice form and carried his willow out for 8. On both sides the field work was much above the average. At point Andrew caught Terry out both times on lightning drives that few would have faced.

Forrester of the East Torontos has been batting in fine style all season and mounted up to 70 against Peterboro' on Friday, never giving a chance until his score was nearly finished. In the first innings he made 16. The other scorers were: Crosby, 21 and 4; Berry, 0 and 23; Stephenson, 5 and 15, making totals of 66 and 145. Peterboro' only scored 34 and 36, and doubtless the visitors regretted the absence of those old-timers, Ray, Stratton, Rutherford and Rogers. Morgan made 10 and 9; Oldfield, 2 and 19, and Danford, 13 and 0.

In the game against the C. P. R. on Saturday Garrett, of the Junction team, retired after scoring 50.

Chatham is playing to win this year, and its latest victory was over Sarnia, 74 to 53. It defeated Trinity by 105 to 56. Kolpoge, Kenny, Horstead, Atkinson and Richards did it.

The Ottawa Club continues to march triumphantly along, on Friday defeating McGill by 146 to 50 and 56. Warden scored 39; Acland, 30; Bentley, 21; Little 13, and Turton, 10 not out.

Trinity had a draw with London Asylum, the latter scoring 176, of which Walker made 80; S. D. Smith, 34, and Bacon, 22. For Trinity A. F. R. Martin put up 59 not out; Robertson, 24, and M. S. McCarthy, 4 not out when time was called, the score being 88 for one wicket. Trinity finished an eventful tour on Saturday by defeating the M. A. A. eleven of Detroit by 111 to 71. Martin contributed 37, and Heward 29 not out.

A. STOW LOBB, JR.

The Tragedy of War.

They do not call it murder when men meet to slaughter each other in battle. They simply report so many dead, wounded, and missing.

Here is a brigade of us in battle-line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail fence, gathered logs and brush and sod, and erected a breastwork. It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away, and comes marching down upon us.

They are going to charge us. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the order comes to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps, and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash—and 4,000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another, and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut, and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Did Very Well.

Friend—Well, the hanging committee accepted your picture.

Artist—Eh! Wha—! I haven't sent any picture. My picture, A Foggy Morning, was to be sent but the stupid man made a mistake.

"What did he take!"

"An old frame with a piece of spoiled canvas in it."

"Well, they took it anyhow. You know it's an impressionist exhibition."

Waiting and Watching for Me.

For Saturday Night.

I dreamed last evening of Heaven,
The beautiful home "over there,"
Where our loved ones are peacefully resting,
Free from all sorrow and care.
I heard the sweet song of the ransomed
Singing "Praise to our Saviour be,"
As I watched, I saw one o'er the river
Stand waiting and watching for me.

Some were roaming along the bright river,
Some were sitting at rest on the shore,
Watching the silvery waves breaking,
As the life-boat passed swiftly o'er;
Each time the boat sped down the current
And landed some soul o'er the sea,
That loved one stood waiting and watching,
Yes, waiting and watching for me.

'Twas the bride one summer morning
I brought to my cottage home,
Where the flowers she tended blossom,
And the wild bees among them roam;
It seemed that day was sweeter,
More joyous than other could be,
But now on the bank of the river
She's waiting and watching for me.

I stood by her side the evening
Her feet touched the shadowy tide,
And the messenger angels were waiting
To bear her o'er to that side.
She said, as I pressed her cold fingers,
"When I get to that home o'er the sea,
On the bank of the river I'll ever
Stand waiting and watching for thee."

They say in that home o'er the river,
There is perfect happiness given,
And all the good here we wish for
Will be ours in the kingdom of heaven;
And I know that I will be happy
In that beautiful home o'er the sea,
For heaven seems near when I think of
The one who is watching for me.

Soon will life's distinings be over,
And my ransomed spirit will soar
Away to that home o'er the river,
To meet those who've gone on before;
And the Saviour who died as a ransom,
In that beautiful world I shall see,
And the one who waits by the river
Will watch no longer for me.

Cobourg, Ont. DELLA ROGERS.

And Will We Never Meet Again.

(Air—The Harp of Tara)

For Saturday Night.

And will we never meet again
As in the days of yore?
And is she gone, my youthful love—
Gone forever more?
Again the lilacs budding forth
The hallowed spot adorn,
Where she and I together met
That well-remembered morn.

The rapturous pleasure of my heart
I never can forget,
As coming through the leafy lane
Our bashful glances met.
Her beauteous form seemed to me
With heavenly grace endowed,
And as we neared each loyal heart
Was throbbing wild and loud.

Her simple gown in artless grace
Enwrapt her form free,
Her curling locks the amorous winds
Entwined in wanton glee.
Her face was fair beyond compare,
Her eyes a heavenly blue,
And when she smiled from out their depths
A radiant beauty flew.

The sky was clear without a cloud,
'Twas in the lovely May,
And the breath of coming summer
Made sweet the world and gay.
But sweeter than the lovely May
And brighter than the morn,
And fairer than the rose was she
Who left my heart forlorn.

The lilacs stooping kiss the place
That marks our parting last,
And tender May heaven grace the path
Where she, my darling, passed;
While on the air a trembling comes,
A murmuring to my ear,
The spirit of her voice it is
That loves to linger near.

Smith's Falls, Ont. JAMES F. DELANEY.

Song.

For Saturday Night.

Once in a purple twilight
Long and long ago,
I stood outside your window
Where the roses bend and blow,
And heard you sing a love song
Tender and sweet and free,
But I did not dream you loved me
You were thinking of me, of me!

And in that purple twilight
My heart was overcome
By the breath of that song, and I loved you!
But my tongue was dry and dumb.
For you were a highborn lady,
And what could an artist be?
So I stole away not knowing
You were singing of me, of me!

Since then in a far-off country,
When the evening sky was pale,
A nightingale at the casement
Told me the whole sad tale.
You are dead, and my heart is broken,—
But ah! this might not be,
Had I only known in the twilight
You were singing of me, of me!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

The Smile.

For Saturday Night.

One day, very tired and lonely,
Out upon the crowded street
Forth I wandered, thinking only,
Trudging 'mid the snow and sleet.
Oh, that some loved faces smiling,
Chancing on my weary way
Would my aching heart beguiling,
Rob it of the cares of day.

Scarcely had I ceased my sighing,
Just for one sweet loving smile,
When I caught two blue eyes trying
To entrance me all the while;
Then she blushed to see how gladly
I returned the smile she gave,
But she little knows how madly
Such another smile I crave.

Cobourg. ADANAC.

Now and Then.

For Saturday Night.

Cold, gray, lowering hang the clouds
O'er shine once bright in azure sky,
As oft cold death, with funeral shrouds,
Takes some loved form from out our view.

Dispelled by greater might, scattered they flee,
Making more beauteous morn's bright face;
Astars far no nobler sphere,—to me
Earth's dead a grander course doth trace.

Toronto. G. LAFAYETTE CRAIG.

Between You and Me.

A GROUP of children hurrying past us to day with the speed and excitement that always suggests steamboats, reminded me that this is picnic season. The thought clung to me and a few minutes ago I let my pen fall and a smile curled the corners of my mouth as I went again on the picnics of long ago. We had picnics with some style about them then. There was a band, always the center of an admiring circle, and a merry-go-round, hired for the occasion. Mimico was the fashionable picnic place. A small creek procrastinated on its way to the lake at one side of the grounds. Beyond lay a marsh where bold parties of children went for flags. I have been at many picnics in Mimico, but never at one where some unhappy child was not carried up from the creek, dripping and tearful, to be dried in the shed where the stove stood, an irritated Sunday school teacher shrilling after the procession, "Johnny, I told you not to go there." These picnics lasted all day; we had two large meals and carried home a bag of sweets, bags made of blue, yellow, green or pink tarletan that stained the already gaudy sweets frightful hues. We didn't mind and many an empty bag sank beneath the blue waters of Mimico bay on our homeward path. It was a point of honor to empty these bags rapidly. A worthy but guileless leading member of the church distributed them, and small boys went up in platoons, their coat bosoms already swelled with ill-gotten gains, to receive another supply. We were seated in ranks on the grass and partook of unlimited sandwiches and cake, washed down with lemonade; milk was provided for those of more tender years. We had tarts then; now they say tarts are bad for children. We didn't think so. Then there were the swings and the accompanying casualties. On one occasion when lifted up toward heaven I was dashed to earth. I was rushing for sympathy where I knew I would find it, when I was waylaid and patted on the back by the bibulous wife of an unworthy blacksmith. It was worse than my wild descent. Since then I have assisted at picnics in various capacities. I have coped vigorously with masses of cake, baskets of bread, ponds of lemonade, and rivers of tea. I have known the peculiar ache that comes only from washing dishes in a tub standing on an insufficient support where hired help had proved a useless thing. I have felt the distraction of seeking over a ship for a small boy who refused to materialize until his mother, sisters and Sunday school teacher had sounded the depths of despair. But still I am an ardent supporter of picnics.

I hope it may fall to your lot, fellow sisters, to put up your fruit on a cool day. I have yet to meet a woman who has any decided fondness for preserving. Boiling the fruit and pouring it into the glass bottles must be done by oneself. But don't do the preparing alone if you can help it. Be sure to make yourself comfortable, have as many chairs as you like; there is really no virtue in being uncomfortable and it is much easier on the temper. Select a cool place, to do your picking in if you can. Two girls I knew once who had not a cool working place rose early, as soon as it was light, and when a third member of the family got up she found them sitting by a syringe with the last handful of cherries in their red-stained fingers and great basins full of the ruddy fruit beside them. At breakfast time they talked of nothing but dawn, sunrise and the song of the first robin. It was rather conceited of them, because they had never done it before and I doubt if they have ever done it since. But if you want to pick over your fruit in peace and coolness, do it when only the birds are astir.

Have any of you ever known a little maid who thought overmuch of her clothes? I have. Last summer as I lay in a hammock one Sunday afternoon, I overheard a good young lady teaching this little maid as much of a Sunday school lesson as would go into her small mind. She didn't get on very well, I mean the young lady. The little maid was unusually obtuse, and turning on a lazy elbow I saw her alternately stroking a beautiful new pink dress and polishing with her chubby hands a pair of diminutive boots. The young lady hesitated a moment under my enquiring eye, and then said very gently: "Mabel, which do you think makes the most difference, the clothes or the girl inside the clothes?" And with guileless accent and uplifted eyes the little maid replied, sighing with certainty, "The clothes." The young lady tried to enlighten her, but I hid my laughter under my book, the little maid was so sure and so evidently thought so herself. The Sunday school lesson stopped presently and Mabel trotted out of the gate, unfurled a small white parasol and began to walk up and down the dusty road swinging her small skirts much as some of us might do on King street.

"Well, were you able to change her mind?"

"No," said the young lady despairingly. She added more hopefully, "I think I will some time."

Whose fault was it? I don't know, but I am sure the little maid wasn't born so. PENNY.

Individualities.

The spot where Daniel Webster was born, at South Franklin, N. H., has been marked by a huge boulder and a flag-staff fifty feet high.

Miss Moody, daughter of the well known evangelist, is traveling in the East. She writes vividly of events and scenery of Egypt.

Miss Margaret Thomas recently found, about a mile from the city of Bath, England, the house in which Fielding wrote his Tom Jones. The house is roofed with red tiles, has a stone front, in summer almost completely hidden under creepers and shrubs, and stands a little way from the road.

Joel Chandler Harris's favorite book in his youth was The Vicar of Wakefield, which he read and re-read so often that he can still repeat many pages of it. He found it in the library of Col. Turner, for whom he worked as a boy in publishing the *Countryman*, a journal of which Mr. Harris gives many reminiscences in his last book, On a Plantation.

Lord Tennyson, who is in exceptionally good health, has not yet left Farringford for Aldworth, said the *Athenæum* of June 4. He is much interested in the artillery volunteer corps that his son has been raising in the Isle of Wight. Riflemen, Forth, it will be remembered, was one of the first things to stir Englishmen to become volunteers in 1859, and it has always been a great desire of his to see the movement extend much more widely than it has done.

What a pity that Mrs. Gladstone is not an actress or a prima donna, for she has just had an opportunity of advertising herself that would have been a godsend to a member of either of those professions. She lost a £400 pair of diamond earrings in a railway carriage. After some telegraphing back and forth, they were found among the sweepings at the place where the carriage was cleaned. In the gratitude of her heart Mrs. Gladstone gave £4 to a railway charity and a guinea to the man who found the jewels.

Since the betrothal of Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, Mlle. Helene Vacaresco, whose love affair with the Crown Prince caused such a disturbance in Roumanian politics a short time ago, has been sending to Princess Marie every two or three days a love letter written to her by the Crown Prince during their courtship. The Queen has vainly entreated Mlle. Vacaresco to surrender the correspondence. The Duke of Edinburgh has asked the Roumanian Government to interfere in the matter.

M. Paderewski is said to have pocketed over a thousand pounds by his pianoforte recital—the only one given by him in London this season—at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, June 14. So great was the desire to hear the famous Polish *virtuoso* again that amateurs did not deem a guinea too high a price to pay for the privilege of occupying a stall or a chair upon the orchestra. The audience was as enthusiastic as it was crowded and M. Paderewski will not readily forget the series of ovations that greeted him in the course of the afternoon.

Two women have been elected to fellowship at Yale University, and are the first to receive the distinction. Miss Mary Graham, Wesleyan, '89, who stood second in her class and received first honors in political science, has received a graduate fellowship. She has been teaching at the Mount Holyoke College. The other, Miss Mary Augusta Scott, an A.M. of Vassar, who has studied at Johns Hopkins and at the University of Cambridge, Eng., will work for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Both will begin their studies at Yale in the fall.

Mr. Gordon Wilson of the Blues, Sir Samuel's eldest son, is "that Eton boy" who a decade ago had the honor of saving the life of the Queen in the manner described in the papers at the time, he having struck up the arm of the madman who had pointed a pistol at Her Majesty's head during one of her visits to Eton, so that the bullet sped harmlessly. In November of last year Mr. Gordon Wilson married Lady Sarah Churchill, daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, one of the bevy of pretty, graceful girls who attended her to the altar being the young lady who has now become Countess of Huntington.

In his diary under the date of October 3, 1789, General George Washington made this entry: "Sat for Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." What is believed to be the original portrait of Washington painted on ivory is now in the possession of Mr. H. S. Stabler of Lynchburg, Va. It was painted by Ramage, an Irish miniature painter of that time, for Mrs. Washington, from whom Betty Washington, afterwards Mrs. Betty Lewis, had it. She in turn left it to her granddaughter, through whom it has come by inheritance to Mr. Stabler. The miniature is in a time-worn case and in the back is a lock of Washington's hair. It is a beautiful piece of work and under a magnifying glass bears the closest inspection. The locket holding the miniature and the lock of hair is about two and a half inches in length. The great general is painted in his full uniform with epaulettes.

"My Time Has Not Yet Come."

An Episode of the Cholera Epidemic in India 1884.

As we look back into the past and follow our thoughts down the long vista of time, there are certain things that arrest our attention as having impressed themselves more vividly on our memory, and we stop to think on them.

Those who have watched at the bedside of a dying patient, as the last feeble rays of life depart this world, leaving behind a mourner's portion for those dear and near, may remember some incident of those silent hours of the night watch which time fails to obliterate.

It was towards the end of the warm weather, when after many months of parching heat the very earth as it cracked in long, rugged fissures seemed to gape open-mouthed for the rain that was not yet vouchsafed to be prayed for! Little birds as they flitted lightly from bough to bough under the canopy of over-hanging foliage, seemed daunted by the fierce and deadly glare to trespass under its immediate influence. Such weather has its accompanying evils—and cholera is one of the inevitables.

The sickly squalor of the natives and their closely inhabited quarters form one of the attending difficulties in the great battles against this deadly disease. Poor half-starved, naked children, wasting away from neglect, while their parents lay prostrated perhaps in the hut, stricken with cholera, which has but one issue for them.

The sad, mournful procession of relatives carrying their dead to a place of burial, or to the water's edge to be burnt, where, after the last flickering embers of the fire died out, the rest was left to the mercy of jackals and birds of prey.

Here a weeping mother as she gently bends over her departed son and lifts the pall to gain one last look at that pallid face that knows her not, and as her lips touch the cold, lifeless brow a tremor seizes her, the sickness of death comes over her, and in the extremity of her grief she is borne away, to join the rest in the great hereafter. There an old man, decrepit, bent with age and grief, patiently awaiting his doom with true oriental fortitude. Allah is great; Allah is good; it is my Fate.

So far the ravages of the disease had entirely been limited to the bazaars, and despite the unflagging energy of doctors who worked day and night among the sufferers, there was apparently but little improvement, as the heart-rending sights on every hand had plainly testified.

There was a small gathering at the club that evening, but the general inertia caused men to sit round in sullen groups, glaring anxiously at the punkah as it swung lazily to and fro, and calling vociferously for brandy and soda as their thirst prompted them

"What did you say, Breif? Do I believe in spirits and spiritualism?" asked Marshall, as he coolly chalked his cue. "No, no, most emphatically no. What on earth put such an idea into your head, old man?" he continued, as Breif reiterated his remark.

"Well, I don't know," said the former, "I had a chat with my Kunsamah to-day, and although I had a fairish idea of the extent of the epidemic, I really never dreamt it had gone so far. The poor fellow says he has lost three children, and the stress he laid on his belief in spirits and all that, I suppose, brought the subject to my mind just then."

"Oh, these fellows have a knack of making up a plaintive tale. Probably he would be glad to lose a kid or two. You are too tender-hearted, Breif, old man, to deal with these rascals."

"You have had more experience with them, no doubt, and have survived preceding epidemics, but it makes a man in my position consider the situation all round when he finds death so close to his own door," answered the little barrister, for such he was, with a gentle disposition, and a young wife and child in England.

"Boy," shouted the inexorable Marshall, "where's that drink? Oh, how about ice? Then go and get some, you son of a sea cook. How do you expect a man to drink brandy and soda without lots of ice? All right, set it on the shelf. Your play, Breif, and pray have some respect for my ball—pocket your cue if you can't do anything else."

The game proceeded slowly as one by one they took their turns, swearing during the intervals at the heat, mosquitos, and the poor unfortunate punkah boy who would go to sleep.

"Your play again, Breif; pot the red ball for a change. Go on, old man. Do you find the heat very oppressive?"

"Yes, I—I do—I feel ill. Let's chuck up the game. Bring me a cool drink, boy."

"Here, go and wake that boy up. I'll smash his miserable head if I go there. Punkah tano," shouted the irritated Marshall as he despatched a small boy with a gentle tap behind the head.

All attention was eagerly turned to the little form of the barrister as he lay on the platform at the head of the billiard table. The contracted eyebrows and spasmodic twitching of his whole body explained the case, and in lieu of words to express themselves the look that passed from one to the other as they stood round in sympathetic silence belied the trouble that they all expected.

"How do you feel, Breif? Is there any pain?" queried Marshall, as he gently raised the barrister's head to administer the cool beverage.

"No, not much, I shall soon be over it—the heat—Oh! how I feel this oppressive climate! Thanks, I can't drink any more just now. I think I'll go home."

"Lie still, old man, we'll send for a cart and see you home."

Not until then had the enormity of the danger dawned on them, and now when in the presence of the dread disease all thought of self preservation vanished in their eagerness to relieve the sufferings of the dying man.

"To Breif Sahib's bungalow," said Marshall, directing the coachman, "and don't drive fast, the sahib is unwell."

Time was a precious one and a doctor's assistance of paramount importance.

The news had spread like wildfire, and the good doctor, though much over-worked, left untouched his evening meal as his servant broached the subject, and repaired in all haste to the bungalow.

"Good evening, doctor; glad to see you. By Jove, it takes a Bengalee to carry news, eh?"

"Yes; just heard that Breif had been taken. Give that man his fare, Marshall. That's right, take my arm, old man."

With professional care the sick man was soon ensconced in a comfortable couch and anxiously attended to.

A night watch was organized, and those who had not then dined made haste to do so at their several bungalows, to return at appointed times during the night to relieve the others.

"Sad affair, doctor," said Marshall, as he jauntily walked down the hill. "Do you think he'll pull through?"

"It's hard to say—he hasn't a strong constitution, and this heat has pulled him down, poor fellow."

The two walked on quietly to the junction of the roads at the foot of the hill, staring casually on either side as if seeking an interpretation of the general gloom and death-like silence.

"Where have you put up?" queried the doctor, as they stopped to shake hands.

"At the Fay's. Good night, doctor—see you later."

Marshall was a man of jovial disposition who generally took life easily—a lover of dogs and horses, and a tea planter by profession. The barrister's strange questions at the club and the unexpected occurrence of the evening puzzled him not a little and crowded out pleasanter reflections. "Don't like to hear a man talk of spirits in that mood, and look so glum—bad sign," he soliloquized, and started off at a brisker pace as the unholy yells of jackals broke the silence and interrupted his reveries.

"Hello, Marshall, how's poor old Breif?" asked several voices as he entered the dining-room and found them all at table.

"Well, I suppose there's no use mincing matters, Breif is pretty bad, and I fear the worst."

"That's awfully sad. Who's there attending to him?"

"I left Wardell at his place and intend returning as soon as I can."

"You look tired, Mr. Marshall; have something cool to drink."

"No, thanks, Mrs. Fay—I—I don't know what's the matter with me. I felt all right on the way, and intensely hungry, but now——"

"It's this brutal heat," joined in Mr. Fay. "Try something Marsh, keep your pocker up."

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Fay; I think I'll take a stroll on the veranda; it will soon pass off."

What then did this mean? Was Marshall, the jolly, general favorite to be taken from them at such short notice? Even now as he left the room his vacant chair seemed to cast a shadow into the future, when Marshall would be no more.

Silently the dinner came to a close. No one spoke. Their thoughts followed the steps in the veranda as he quietly paced to and fro.

The steps suddenly stopped, and the tall figure of Marshall, pale and looking much fatigued, entered the doorway.

"I promised Wardell to be there, but I can't—it's no use," he said.

"No, you mustn't attempt it, Marsh, the doctor'll be here soon."

"Oh, you needn't have troubled—my light's nearly out," and his voice had that sympathetic yet satirical tone which men who have to face the inevitable adopt, and it was unpleasant to the ear.

The night wore slowly on, through terrible hours of heat and discomfort, intensified by myriads of mosquitos—and still the patients lingered. The moon that had shone so brightly during the early part of the night, now dimmed and disappeared as a thick black cloud overspread its surface. Another and yet another cloud of inky hue, and the whole heavens seemed to move *en masse* as the fleecy white tops rolled on at intervals like winged heralds of the skies. A little breeze, so feeble in its infancy, rustled among the tree tops as if to feel the pulse of the withering leaves and please all living things with its gentle lullaby. And with the freshening breeze came the sad news that all expected—Breif had passed away.

Strict silence was enjoined of everyone on the subject in the presence of the sick bed, as hopes were entertained of his recovery.

He lay still as if in a deep sleep, anxiously watched by his attendants, and the house was as silent as the tomb.

The curtains gently floated in the breeze, casting strange shadows on the walls as the glimmer of the lightning danced upon the horizon.

With a deep sigh, like one awakened from a trance, his eyes opened, and it seemed as if life had returned to him.

"How is Breif?" he asked, as soon as speech came to him.

"Oh, getting along well. How do you feel?

"No; I know he's not well, he's dead; he told me."

"He's delirious, don't talk to him just yet the scene is all too fresh in his mind," they whispered to one another incredulously.

"I know he's dead," continued Marshall, "you can't hide the truth from me. I saw him enter the room at that door, and as he stood before my bed in his shirt he beckoned to me to join him, but I said 'No, my time has not yet come, Breif; go on.' And he left the room from that door, still looking at me."

In abject wonder and surprise they looked at one another, as if to seek a solution of so strange a coincidence, but none came, for Marshall had once more fallen into a deep sleep.

Peal after peal of thunder rang out in the silent darkness and as the wind sprang up with renewed vigor, to subside again, the gentle patter of the rain drops as they fell upon the parching leaves called all nature to life again and washed away the deadly plague.

E. H. LEWIS.

He Had Lived With Her.

His Sister's Accepted—And will Willy be sorry when I marry his sister? Willy (feelingly)—Yes, I will—for I like you.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most brilliant gatherings ever seen within the prettily decorated walls of the Queen's ball-room was that of last Thursday evening, the occasion being the annual military ball which is always so eagerly looked forward to by the officers in camp and their numerous friends from all parts of the surrounding country. The attendance this year was exceptionally large, the only cloud upon the evening's enjoyment being the regret felt and expressed by so many that the programme was so short. The last dance, to which an encore was refused, although many a little white-gloved hand joined in the general demand for its repetition, was played at the early hour of half past twelve, and the unwelcome strains of God Save the Queen announced the close of a most delightful day. Some of those present were: Lieut.-Col. Otter, Capt. Macdougall, Capt. Mutton, Major Stuart, Col. Macdonald, Major Evans, Major Bertram, Major King, Lieut.-Col. O'Donavan, Lieut.-Col. Gwynne, Col. Tyrwhitt, Dr. G. Warren, Dr. Strange, Col. Montizambert, Major Buchan, Lieut.-Col. Wayling, Major Meade, Major Cook, Capt. Hendrie, Capt. Leith, Lieut. Waddell, Capt. S. Heward, Capt. Lee, Capt. Milloy, Capt. Dickson, Capt. Laurie, Dr. Baldwin, Capt. Pellatt, Capt. Tidswell, Lieut. Bruce, Lieut. Armstrong, Capt. Bankier, Lieut. Bain, Capt. Curran, Lieut. Leister, Capt. Wallace, Lieut. Fleet, Lieut. Gray, Capt. O'Brian, Lieut. Ardagh, Capt. Douglas, Lieut. Vaux. Among those from Fort Niagara were: Capt. and Mrs. Williams, Capt. and Mrs. Ebstein, Lieut. Van Deman, Lieut. and Mrs. Brooke and Miss Jewett. In a party which drove down from St. Catharines under the chaperonage of Mrs. Heward Helliwell were the Misses Mack, Mr. A. Darney, Mr. King, Miss Larkin, Mr. Helliwell and Miss Fenton. Among others present I noticed: Dr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Wilkinson, Mrs. M. Boulton, the Misses Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, Miss Hodgins, Mr. W. and the Misses Gale, the Misses Ince, Mrs. L. Lansing, Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Bryant, Miss Warren, Mr. S. and the Misses Jarvis, Mrs. Dean, Mr. G. and the Misses Heward, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Odgen, Mrs. H. Corrett, Miss Fabian, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. Sidney Small, Capt. Casimir Dickson, Mr. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. and the Misses Bernard, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Beardmore, Mr. F. and Miss Smith, Miss E. Milloy, the Misses Winnett, Rev. Mr. Geoghegan, Mrs. Taffy, Miss E. Radcliffe, Miss and the Misses Paffard, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Bertram, Miss B. Roberts, Miss Sterling, Mr. and Freeland, Miss Wood, Miss Benson, Mr. L. Niles, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. Ball, Mr. A. and Miss Anderson, Miss Shanklin, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hill. Some of the dresses which attracted particular attention were: Mrs. Melfort Boulton's black moire and steel; Miss Tyrwhitt, pink bengaline; Miss Heward, apple green silk and *chiffon*; Miss Edith Heward, blue *crepe* cloth, girdle ornamented with steel; Miss Bernard, lavender and white China silk, white ribbons; Miss Daisy Ince, white silk, pale pink roses; Miss Hodgins, primrose silk and white lace; Miss Geddes, white nun's veiling and Nile green silk; Miss Fenton, white silk gauze, very prettily trimmed with moss green ribbons; Miss Dixon, cream china silk; Miss Scott, blue gauze; Miss Mack, white and gold; Mrs. Macdougall, silver-colored silk, handsomely trimmed with black lace; Miss Shanklin, pale pink gauze, pink roses; Miss Roberts, pink nun's veiling and *chiffon*.

Miss E. Fabian has been spending a few days with Mrs. H. Garrett at The Willows.

Mrs. Melfort Boulton and the Misses Dixon were among the guests at the Queen's last week.

Mr. L. Pemberton is the guest of Mr. S. Jarvis.

Mrs. D. B. Macdougall entertained Miss Shanklin at Rosslyn for a few days last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Thompson have been spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson.

Among those who have been visiting friends here and have returned home are the Misses Ince, Miss Roberts and Miss Scott.

Mr. D. Palmer and Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls were in town last Friday.

The first of the promenade concerts which will be held every Saturday afternoon in the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal was given last Saturday. The music was exquisite, and those present most heartily expressed the opinion that a rare treat was in store for those who may attend the concerts during the season. The band engaged is that of the 21st Regiment stationed at Fort Niagara.

Miss Bryant is the guest of Mrs. J. Lewis.

Miss Gilmour is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss Beaven.

Mrs. C. Felloves has taken a cottage at Chautauqua. GALATEA.

A Tough Character.

Mr. Graves (the undertaker)—Talkin' 'bout mean men, Deacon Slocum is just about the meanest, stingiest cuss I ever did see. Never heard anything like it.

Assistant—What did he do?

Mr. Graves—The las' time he had a death in th' family he actually was cold-blooded an' calculatin' enough to ask what things was goin' to cost, instead of bein' respectable enough to let me charge whatever I felt like. That man ain't got no more heart than a stone.

Music Appreciated.

Miss Thumpp-Hardie—Did you ask Mrs. Nexdoor if my piano playing disturbed her baby?

Servant—Yes, mum; and she said the baby liked it, and she was much obliged to you for playin' so much.

Miss Thumpp-Hardie—Did she really?

Servant—Yes, mum. She said it saved her th' trouble of poundin' on a tin pan.

Not Enough to Hurt

First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry short-cake so heavy.

Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.

A HEART LAID BARE.

Written for Saturday Night.

A glow of light, shedding its soft radiance on flushed faces, the sheen of silk and flash of jewels, the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and throngs of bare-shouldered women, and men with vast expanses of white shirt front, floating round to the strains of an ever popular waltz, coming dreamily to them from behind a bank of huge exotics piled high in one corner of the room.

It seems to put new energy into the lounging guests, that old rythmical waltz, for couples come straggling in from cool nooks and interesting *tete-a-tetes* and join the dancers, and a man, brown-bearded and travel-stained, who has been standing for half-an-hour in the doorway, idly pulling at his mustache and studying the faces as they pass him, beats a tattoo gently with one foot. Does the music awaken some sweet, sad memory for him? Perhaps, because he loses himself in a reverie. He is something of a physiognomist, this man, and takes a delight in scanning the features of those with whom he comes in contact and of all the gay butterflies of fashion congregated here to-night, but one has excited his interest, that of his young hostess. What an ethereal-looking creature she was, he had thought, as he watched her, tall and slender, receiving her guests. Indeed, she had seemed to him like a being from another world (coming as he did, from a land where raven-tressed women abounded) with her golden hair piled high on her shapely head, and the eyes like wet violets, with their soft shaders beneath, but those lines of pain about the mouth puzzle him; surely those lips were made for laughter. They are scarcely perceptible to-night, for she has been all smiles and animation, with every thought concentrated on the success of her *fete*. She has a quiet solicitude for this one, a quick repartee for that, none are overlooked. "A perfect hostess she makes," a stout matron says admiringly "her husband could not have chosen one better fitted to extend his popularity, and that is his one aim you know—a political pin-nacle—a bit of a flint. Oh, yes, my dear, but what would you!—young, fair, and the world at her feet, and a husband whose one mistress is ambition."

The man in the doorway glanced at her now, is startled at the deadly pallor that has overspread her countenance; she grasps at the back of a chair for support, those hard lines of pain are there now, and there is a hunted expression in the violet eyes as she gazes vacantly at the bank of flowers from whence the music comes. Moving involuntarily towards her, he comes up to her just as a middle-aged woman, who also has been regarding her with the fond ever-watchful eye of a mother, leans over her and says, "What is it, darling? You are overdoing yourself, I know. Come away and rest for a few minutes." The girl recovered herself by an effort. "Ah, no, mamma, it was only a minute and I must not desert my post;" she looks up lovingly into the face of the older woman, then flits away and presently is listening attentively to a loud-voiced corpulent man, who clearly loves to expound his views on matters great and small, and he finds her an easy victim.

Sitting there in the shadow of a palm, the mother still keeps her Argus eyes watching every movement of her one ewe lamb! Ah! she—the mother—knows well the meaning of that sudden pallor—knows that beneath the gay exterior of her child there is a soul-sickness that time does not allay. She goes back, with a heavy sigh, to the time, only a few years ago, when there had been no shadow on her darling's life. What a gladsome, sunny creature. She had been carrying light and laughter always in her wake and it must be confessed, a few of the sterner sex also. One of them, a dark young fellow, was with her incessantly, whose eyes were always devouring her, with the passionate worship in their brown depths—never jealous nor resentful of attentions lavished on her by the other men. Was not homage due to her—his heart's queen. "She cannot care for me," he would tell himself, gloomily sometimes, "What is there about me for a girl like her to love, or indeed any girl for that matter!"—never dreaming his very self-depreciation was dear to her, contrasting, as it did, with the complacency of the fop some meets in society now-a-days—and yet she had promised to be his wife—what a glad light lit up his quiet dark face at the thought; some time, when he had established a practice somewhere, they were to be married. "Perhaps she has an eye to your father's thousands." A blunt friend had suggested one day, and the speaker was disconcerted by the calm contempt his suggestion was met with.

At last one evening he had come to her with the news that he was going away. He must get settled in life, he said it was despicable for a fellow to be always around on his father. "And you will be true to me, sweetheart," he had said, holding her tightly clasped, and gazing hungrily into her eyes. "I don't want to go into heroics, you know, but it would go awfully hard with me if I were to find out you had been fooling me."

"Why of course I will," you foolish boy. Why," and the ringlet face is sober for once, "I would die without your love Will," and he had gone away reassured.

Then suddenly, a few months afterwards, the news had come that he was dead, stricken down remorselessly in his youth, without one word of warning. Ah! the days and nights of anguish that had followed for her—his little sweetheart. Days when she had turned her white face to the wall and refused food, or to take an interest in anything earthly; nights when she had lain with wide,open, pain-stricken eyes and arms outstretched in a mute appeal. Did he know now how much she cared? Dear heaven! what a hard old world it is!

They had taken her away, after a while, and bit by bit the listless manner disappeared, and something of the old high spirit returned and she laughed and danced and flirted as before, but with a swift shadow that troubled the mother. Then one of the public men of the day had proposed to her and she married him, making him an ideal wife, attentive always to his interests, making herself a prime favorite with his colleagues by her ready wit, laying the laurels of her social success at his feet, and he—well, he is a cold hard man of the world, steeped to the lips in ambition and does not look for much more in a wife.

. . . . . .

Some hours later the guests have all taken their departure, and the young hostess sitting in the privacy of her own room wears again that white set look. Going to a drawer in her escritoire she unlocks it and takes out a packet, lovingly she fingers its contents—a bundle of letters, pieces of hair, a lock of hair, and a photo of a dark young man with brown mustache, eyes. Down on her knees she goes beside it, and all the pent-up feelings of to-night find vent in a torrent of tears. "It was the old waltz that brought it all back to-night, Will," she murmurs brokenly, "you gave it to me long ago, do you remember? There was that one part you liked so much; you said it was lovable and the memory stayed with you." Then in an agony of longing, "Will, Will, come back to me, I want you, oh, I want you so," and bitter sobs shake and rend the slight young frame. The sun is high in the heaven when the mother is awakened from a light slumber, and a shivering white-gowned form steals in beside her and motherly arms draw her close, and tender words of comfort are whispered to her till presently she grows calm and falls into a dreamless sleep.

. . . . . .

That afternoon as she drives out in her elegantly appointed carriage with smiles and bows of recognition here and there, the brown-bearded traveler sees her and wonders again about those lines of pain about her mouth.

President and Prefect.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, he made a number of changes in certain official places, and once went a tour through the country which, it was said, was to be marked by a removal of a number of prefects or local governors, and their replacing by others of the president's party. He arrived at the principal city of a department the prefect of which, by reason of his politics, was marked for removal, and it happened that the president lodged in a room which was exactly opposite to that of the prefect, in the prefecture or government house.

The president had acquired in his army days the habit of rising early and brushing his own clothes, and on this occasion he got up at an extremely early hour, opened his window, and, seeing no signs of life, took his coat and waistcoat and began brushing them at the window.

The prefect, it happened, had been prevented from sleeping by the prospect of losing his place, and was awake at the time, trying to discover some means of keeping the office. Hearing the slight noise which the president's toilet-making caused, he peeped out of the window and saw the head of the State hard at work with his brush.

"I have it!" said the prefect to himself.

He got his own clothes together, hunted up a brush, put up his window suddenly, and began brushing. This attracted the attention of the president, who looked over and saw him busy at work.

"Well, well! Is that you, Mr. Prefect?" he said.

"As you see, Mr. President!" said the prefect.

"You rise early, Mr. Prefect!"

"As you see, Mr. President!"

"Ah! and you have the same trick that I have of brushing your own clothes, which is very singular. Now in my case it is an old soldier's habit, Mr. Prefect," was the reply.

One thing led to another, and in a few minutes the prefect was invited over into the president's room, and the two great men were soon chatting amiably together. The story goes that, after the president's finding out the stratagem of the wily prefect and cutting off his official head. But, as the Parisians tell the story, the prefect was not removed; and afterward, whenever his name was mentioned as a possible subject for a change, the president would shake his head.

"Oh, I know him!" he would say. "He is all right where he is; he's a fellow who gets up early in the morning and brushes his clothes."

A Mexican Method.

El Pueblo Catolico of New San Salvador reproduces from a Mexican paper the following extraordinary and profane decree, intended to prevent the occurrence of droughts in the district. The truth of the translation can scarcely be credited.

"The Principal Alcalde of the town and Department of Cactaua,

"Considering, That the Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; and that in this winter, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers, and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of maize, beans, and other vegetables, throughout the whole department, are entirely ruined, he decrees:

"Art. 1.—If within the peremptory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to mass nor say prayers.

"Art. 2.—If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion will be delivered to the devil.

"Art. 3.—If, finally, in a third period of eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, will be beheaded. And for the present, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal."

Not Missed.

Men come and men go; but the world takes little heed of them; when they drop out of existence they are missed for a while in the family circle; lacking that, they may not be missed at all. An old man lived alone in the edge of a city, drove a handsome horse and did a good expressing business. He took his meals at a restaurant, and contentedly passed his leisure hours at his little home. He had friends, a workingman's city friends. They met in their walks, exchanged a few remarks and went on. One day the expressman and his horse were not seen as usual. "Gone on a visit," said his acquaintances. A few days more passed and a wild neighing came from the stable in which the handsome horse was kept. A policeman entered and found the animal loose and hungry, having consumed all the food and water within reach. He knew that something was wrong, and having ascended to the poor creature's needs, visited the expressman's house. The door was locked, and a pile of daily papers were lying near it. Inside, the old man leaned over an evening paper, dead. He had died, presumably of heart disease. Within a block a hundred men, some great, some small, labored, ate and slept, unmindful of him. And tragedies of a similar nature are occurring every day in some city under the sun.

Nobody in Particular.

"If you please, sir," asked Theodore Hook, re'ewing a vain memoir of his college strutting about in cap and gown, "are you anybody in particular?" How many of us, when most secure in our vanity, could stand that probing question? A silly girl who was presented to Prince Bismarck at a levee was asked how he impressed her. "As a very dull person," she promptly replied. "I ignored me altogether. The men and women who have real work in life as a rule forget themselves, and acquire that total lack of self-consciousness which is the basis of the finest manners.

The Origin of German.

Here is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German. "Do you know," asked he, of a friend, one day, "how the German language originated?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German."

How He Secures Custom.

An observer of human nature, albeit he is but an humble Vienna cigar grocer, has hit upon an original plan of securing the custom of all the servant girls in his neighborhood. He has bought at the price of waste paper, a shoal of "penny dreadfuls" and uses the single sheets for wrapping his wares in such a way as to enable the kitchen or parlor girl gradually to acquire the complete work. Strange scenes are occasionally enacted in the grocer's shop. We will give a few instances: "Please Mr. Nash, a loaf of bread, and will you wrap it in the Son of the Accused, number four. Ah! that's all right." "One pound of coffee, Mr. Nash, but I want you to put it in a paper bag made out of the third sheet of the Blind Man's Curse." This being done, our tradesman turns his attention to another fair customer. "Here, Fraulein Lottchen, are two pounds of soap. Please notice the wrapper. It contains the wonderful story of the Marble Bride. You shall have the continuation the next time, so come to make a purchase," and addressing the assistant he calls out, "Fritz, put down Fraulein Lottchen for Marble Bride sheet number two." That grocer is doing a roaring trade.

A Mean Trick.

A good-looking, well-to-do, and popular young bachelor, of an interior town, says the Washington *Herald*, was being teased by his fair ladies of a club for not getting married. He said: "I'll marry the girl of your club whom, on a secret vote, you elect to be my wife." There were nine members of the club. Each girl went into a corner, and used great caution in preparing her ballot, and disguised the handwriting. The result of the vote was that there were nine votes cast, each girl receiving one. The young man remains a bachelor, the club is broken up, and the girls are all his mortal enemies, united in the one determination that they will never speak to that nasty man again.

Hard on the Vienna Chief.

M. de Sartines, at one time chief of the police of Paris, was a master of his profession. The chief of the Vienna police once wrote to him, describing a criminal who had fled from Vienna and taken refuge in Paris, and requesting Sartines to discover and seize the fugitive. Sartines gave his orders for a search for the man. Two months passed. Then he wrote the Vienna officer: "I have sought the criminal you described on all sides, and for a long time in vain. But I shall reward the efforts of my agents as we rewarded. We have found the man. He is in Vienna, which city he has not left at all. You will find him at Strasse N—, No. 56. There is a flower-pot in his window."

A Special Make.

New Amanuensis—I can't understand how it is, sir; I thought I had written this letter correctly; but I find it is full of mis-spelled words.

Great Author—Ah! I see you used the wrong typewriter. That one is for dialect stories only.

At His Mercy.

Life Insurance President—You'll never get your money from that old patient of yours. He's a hard case.

Doctor—I'll get it, never fear. He's insured in your company.

A Good Idea.

Aunt Kate—And when he died—I loved him so—I had him stuffed, and I keep him here where I can see him whenever I wish.

Little Robert (in a visit to a much-beloved aunt)—Auntie, when you die, I'm going to get papa to have you stuffed too.

An Acquaintance to be Cultivated.

Bates—I don't see why you always invite that Dullard to your box on these nights—he doesn't fish, and he's fearfully dull company.

Hooker—Yes; but, my boy, those cigars he smokes are simply immense for keeping the mosquitos away!

Convincing Proof.

Brer. Johnsing—Habn't yo' nebber heered dat some ob de 'Postles war brack?

Elder Snowball—I reckon some ob 'em war; else I can't see why Saint Peter sh'd 'a' b'en so 'sturbed by dat rooster's crowin'.

Mistaken Identity.

"Who is that old rounder, Jake? I see him in every dive I enter."

"Hush, man! He's not an old rounder. That is Doctor Cavilhearst, the eminent divine. He is after a sermon."

Her Accomplishment.

Young Perkins—You have charming daughters, Mr. de Peyster. What a delightful voice Miss Clara has, and how divinely Miss Eugenia plays the piano! Has Miss Carolyn any accomplishment?

De Peyster—Certainly; she's a summer girl.

The Revised Version.

"I like Mr. Dilley well enough," said Miss Bleecker of New York, "but he talks through his hat."

"Yes," assented Miss Emerson of Boston, "he is somewhat addicted to the practice of conversing through his chapeau."

Like Modern Travelers

School Teacher—What do you suppose was the first thing that Columbus did on reaching America?

Bobby—He gave a reporter his impressions of the country.

A Case of Extended Sympathy.

Bingo—That was a sad thing about Witherby. The poor fellow has had the delirium tremens.

Mrs. Bingo—Now I understand what his wife meant when she spoke of his illness this morning. She said she could sympathize with me.

He Has a Cinch.

"I want my fire insurance at one-tenth the regular rate," said an applicant for a policy.

"Why is that?" asked the secretary of the insurance company.

"I'm a profes-ional rain-compeller."

Wanted to Die Rich.

Our forces were arranged before Vicksburg and we were waiting for the turn of affairs which was imminent, when we sent old Uncle Mose Larkins, our cook, out to forage for provisions. As all is fair in love and war, we did not question his right to some fat chickens, but when a lady came into camp the next day and accused our cook of stealing her silver, that was another affair. We called Uncle Mose, and began to question him.

"Fore God, gemm'n, I ain't seen no sich things," he affirmed.

We knew he was lying, and told him we would string him up if he did not return the silver, but as this had no effect on him we procured a rope, put it around the old rascal's neck and told him he had anything to say, to say it at once, as he had only five minutes to live.

"I done kno' emything of dat woman's silver spoons," he declared solemnly, "an' I ain't got nuffin' to 'fess, but," with a twinkle in his eyes, "when you gets home and see Aunt Darcy, my ol' ole wife, jes' tell her dat you done hang ole Uncle Mose suah enuff, but dat he died rich; yo' heah, chillun, he die rich."

This being equal to a confession, the old man was let off, but we all thought he would have preferred to die rather than restore the spoons he was compelled to give up.

A Hard Hitter.

In a recent volume of memoirs, it is told that on the first council day, after Lord Derby's elevation to the premiership, Greville showed his disapproval by not appearing in his place as clerk. Some busybody asked Lord Derby whether he had noticed Greville's absence, and Lord Derby replied, with a face of benevolent apology: "No, really! You know, I am the most inattentive fellow in the world about these things. I never notice, when I ring the bell, whether John or Thomas answers it." It was a rather Rabelaisian retort which he made to a certain lady who rallied him upon the composition of his first ministry. Lady—asked, in regard to a respectable and hard-working politician, who was afterward transferred from the head of the baronets to the tail of the peers: "Is So-and-So a real man?" "I don't know," said Lord Derby; "at any rate, he has had three wives."

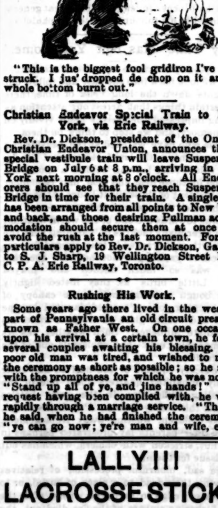
The Borrower Overtaken.

"If you please, Mrs. Covenhoven," said a child, presenting herself before a back-door neighbor, "mother wants to know if you will be kind enough to lend her that bowiful of sugar that you borrowed and forgot to return the other day."

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22 good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that takes the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return them via Chicago, or *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

A Slight Mistake.



"This is the biggest fool gridiron I've ever struck. I jus' dropped de chop on it an' de whole bottom burnt out."

Christian Endeavor Special Train to New York, via Erie Railway.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, president of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union, announces that a special vestibule train will leave Suspension Bridge on July 6 at 8 p.m., arriving in New York next morning at 8 o'clock. All Endeavorers should see that they reach Suspension Bridge in time for their train. A single fare has been arranged from all points to New York and back, and those desiring Pullman accommodation should secure them at once and avoid the rush at the last moment. For full particulars apply to Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, or to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington Street East, C. P. A. Erie Railway, Toronto.

Rushing His Work.

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. On one occasion, upon his arrival at a certain town, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible. A single fare was secured, having been complied with, he went rapidly through a marriage service. "There," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every one o' ye!" Two of the couples did not at once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "kiss the bride" had startled them, and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself, and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands. "I married ye all," said he, reassuringly; "now sort your-selves."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 60c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

Fortune in the Cup

Who that is young and visionary or old and hopeful has not a secret weakness for fortune telling? Many a woman long past youth's golden days still looks in her teacup for her fate. And the teacup is an oracle, say the wiseacres. Do you wish to know how many years will elapse before you will marry? Balance your teaspoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon partly with tea, and, holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one means a long twelvemonth! Should a teastalk float in your cup, it means a sweetheart; and you must stir your tea rapidly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup. If the "sweetheart" is attracted by the spoon and clings to it, you will shortly meet him; but if the tea-stalk goes to the side of the cup, you have lost him.

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Twenty-five cents buys four cakes of "SURPRISE SOAP" from any grocer.

Four great big washings, or eight ordinary washings can be done with these four cakes, and the washing up and scrubbing as well.

The wash comes out white and sweet, while the peculiar qualities of "Surprise" makes the work easy. It's the best too for all household purposes.

Insist on **Surprise** for every use. It's most economical.

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A Benedict's Friend.

A few days after the Grand Prix, as everybody was getting ready to go into the country, or pretending to do so, Henri de Saint Armel met his old friend Captain Boucoiran at the gate of the Bois. The two horsemen fell in together and began to chat.

"That's a pretty mare you're riding," said Saint Armel.

"She is that, and as gentle as a kitten. I have been training her for the past three months. She obeys me like a trick-pony, and follows me like a dog. Don't you, Betsy!"

The mare pricked up her ears and whinnied gently, as if she agreed perfectly with her master's statement.

"She would make an excellent saddle-horse for a lady," remarked Saint Armel.

"Perfect; it is a pity she was ever ridden by a man. But perhaps you have some fair rider in your mind's eye with whom you could place her?"

"Perhaps I have, if you do not want too much for her. I have promised a certain young woman—you know her, perhaps, Lucie Bataille!"

"By name only. She sings somewhere—does she not!—at the Renaissance or the Bouffes? But I do not care for music, as you know, and I never set foot in a theater for fear I should come in on a lot of caterwauling. And so Mlle. Lucie Bataille has inspired a certain interest in you?"

"Well, yes. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I hope you do not imagine that my course of lectures at the military academy leaves me much time to look after other men's little affairs! But you have promised this girl a horse, eh! Well, you are in for a rather serious present."

"It is a farewell gift. Certain circumstances, which you will presently learn, compel me to break with her. Poor Lucie! She's a charming woman. Not very pretty, but distinguished, possessed of good manners, and not a caterwauler, as you put it. I must present you to her. If that little woman had any luck, she would be at the Opera, and I assure you that the glasses in the orchestra seldom center on a prettier page than she makes. If you could see her in burlesque! But, to come back to business, how much do you want for your mare?"

The bargain was made, and the two friends separated, promising to meet the next winter. Two months later the Count de Saint Armel married a charming American, as pretty as she was rich—which explained the "circumstances" that had led to the acquisition of Betsy as a farewell gift to Lucie Bataille.

Autumn passed, and the winter came, Boucoiran had resumed his lectures and bought him another horse. Every morning regularly he took his turn in the Bois. A fortnight ago, as he was passing near the circular shelter of Armenonville, what should the captain see but Betsy, his old mare, a side-saddle on her back, being held by an ancient servitor, got up in the most correct style and himself mounted on a splendid horse! Evidently Betsy, the side-saddle, and the ancient servitor were waiting for some fair amazon. But it was not solely through curiosity to see the woman that Boucoiran stopped. What he wished to determine was whether the mare still knew him. He dismounted, drew from his pocket a bit of sugar, and approached the animal, which had already scented him. Poor Betsy, did she still remember her old master? He had only to look at her, to see her prick up her ears, nod her head, and whinny plaintively, almost tenderly.

Boucoiran, delighted, caressed the animal, and made her give him her foot, to the great edification of the servant.

"The mare is looking well," Boucoiran said.

"Oh, yes, captain," replied the groom. "We take good care of her. But she don't seem to have forgotten her old master."

"Why, how do you recognize me?" demanded Boucoiran, surprised at being addressed by his rank though he was in civilian garb.

"I have had charge of the mare, sir, ever since she was given to my mistress, and if it's once, it's twenty times I've heard the count speak of his friend, the captain, and say how well he had trained Betsy."

"Well," thought Boucoiran, "Lucie Bataille has a very stylish man to look after her horse. I must try to meet this little siren."

He had scarcely formed the project in his mind, when a coupe drove up from the Dauphin Gate. In it were two women; one of respectable age and excellent appearance; the other, very pretty and in riding habit. The latter got out, after kissing her companion, and said to her:

"By-bye, mamma. I shall be here at eleven precisely."

"Decidedly," thought Boucoiran, "she does things in the most proper style. Mare, groom and coupe, all are irreproachable—and the mother more than all. By Jove! to allow herself the luxury of a mother like that, she must find comic opera very remunerative."

He lifted his hat to Lucie Bataille, who seemed surprised at first to find Betsy coquetting with a stranger. But, after a few words in English from the groom, she returned the captain's bow cordially, and said to him, with a smile:

"I ought to be jealous of the interest Betsy takes in you. But I prefer to thank you for having trained her so admirably. And, thanks to her, we are already on friendly terms."

She turned toward the old lady, who was watching this scene through the carriage window.

"Mother," she said, "let me present you to Captain Boucoiran—the friend of whom M. de Saint Armel speaks so often."

Boucoiran could not repress a feeling of surprise at hearing Lucie Bataille speak thus ingenuously of Saint Armel. Perhaps the marriage had fallen through, and affairs had remained *in statu quo erat*, with Betsy thrown in.

The young woman proved charmingly amiable, and had a delicious figure, as her well cut riding habit made manifest. They chatted for five minutes about Betsy, her points, her habits and her feed. Boucoiran gave much advice, and finally asked permission to help the pretty horsewoman to her saddle, which was granted. He had not dared to let the conversation touch upon Saint Armel; but, as he was leaving her, Lucie Bataille said, point-blank:

"You haven't asked me a word about your friend."

Boucoiran turned all colors. This was incomprehensible. The idea of trying to defer anything to the finer feelings of such a woman! Speaking as if by chance and at the risk of seeming behind the times, he replied:

"Why—or—certain events—or—change things. Since poor Henri married—for he is married, if I am not mistaken."

"Have!" interrupted the young woman, laughing as if at an excellent jest; "I assure you he hasn't changed so much as that. But you shall judge for yourself—come and lunch with us presently, *sans ceremonie*."

"Lunch!" stammered the dumbfounded officer; "why—where!"

"45 Rue Murillo," cried Lucie Bataille, as she set off at a gallop, prettily saluting him with her crop. And the groom followed after her a little distance.

The coupe rattling off in the other direction, Boucoiran was left alone, filled with wonder and misgivings. So Saint Armel continued to see Lucie Bataille. To see her—why, he lunched at her house. True, this little diva was pretty enough to lure a man from the narrow path. But why the device had Henri married? To get his hand into some old old King's coffers, probably, and heaven knows where the girl's *dot* was going—though it needed no prescience to make a close guess. Well, a soldier need not be a saint, and Boucoiran's lectures at the military academy were not on morals. A pretty woman had invited him to lunch, and he would go.

At the stroke of noon, Boucoiran dismounted before the door of a cozy little house in the Rue Murillo. Lucie had come in, for in the court Betsy's toilet was being made.

The entrance hall and the first salon were in admirable taste. In a more intimate room, Lucie, in a very simple gown of white laine, received her guest.

"Henri is keeping us waiting," she said; "you shall see how astonished he will be when he sees you. Do you know, Captain Boucoiran, that I am quite angry with you for not having presented yourself earlier!"

"I am very busy with my professional work, and I scarcely ever go out in what is called the real society—though it is not the most amusing—and I detest music. You will hardly believe me when I tell you I have never heard you sing."

"You have not missed much, then. I have a very poor voice and only sing when I have to."

"But you sing every evening, if I am not mistaken."

"I! It is more than a fortnight since I have sung a note."

"So much the worse for the ears of Paris. If I were in Henri's place, I would send you on in your art; for our friend"—with a fine smile—"seems to me to have retained some influence over you."

"If you only knew how unsympathetic he is! On the contrary, he is always discouraging me."

"Then it is through jealousy. But when he spoke to me of you—it was the very day I sold Betsy to him—he said he would like to see you at the Opera."

"You must be joking. And what more did he say!—it interests me extremely to hear these confidences."

"Will you pardon me if I go into details?"

"Oh, pray go on, captain. It seems we are old friends."

"Well, Henri said to me: 'She is simply perfect in a page's part. With a figure like hers—'"

"What! he spoke to you of my——"

"And to think that I have never had the curiosity to judge for myself! I am quite laid away on the shelves, I suppose, for I am so busy. Besides, I do not share Henri's tastes. We are quite dissimilar. Between ourselves, I am also quite astonished at what the deuce he wanted to marry for."

Lucie Bataille opened her eyes as large as saucers, but did not deem it best to make any response.

"When he announced," continued Boucoiran, "or, rather, let me infer the impending catastrophe, I thought to myself: 'My boy, if your fair American is not absolutely faultless, you will have given her many a gray day inside of six months.' You must confess I knew Saint Armel pretty well. And, besides, I had not seen you then. Now I can understand why he was not long in coming back to you."

The young woman's face wore so singular an expression that Boucoiran stopped there.

"I see," he said, "that you do not altogether approve of this species of speech, and I must confess I think your reserve in excellent taste. But I hear our friend coming.

A moment later the two friends were shaking each other cordially by the hand. The story of the morning's meeting was told, and there was much talk about the wonderful Betsy. Boucoiran apologized for having let himself be invited so cavalierly.

"It was a case that called for cavalier treatment," responded Henri, "for you had been presented by Betsy," and they sat down to luncheon in the best of humor.

"Come, old man," said the count, "you must confess that marriage has not changed me."

"I should say 'not enough,' but that I am not here to preach you a sermon. And at night the deity that presides here, one must excuse everything. And to think, you wretch, that you spoke to me of her as a woman of ordinary beauty! But, what is this I hear, the nightingale is dumb? True, it is winter, but that is the very season when the nightingales of the stage show their most gorgeous plumage and trill their most brilliant roulades."

Never did flowery speech so miss its mark. Henri and the young woman glanced at each other with a sort of anxiety.

"Have I been putting my foot in it?" enquired Boucoiran, growing more and more gay; "then let us talk of something else. Do you know, fair lady, that you are very prettily housed here? What taste, what comfort, what a cook! I can understand that Henri likes to dine here, for I suspect the conjugal board—"

"Perhaps, sir," said the supposed Lucie Bataille, who began to show signs of anger, "you are provoked by my husband, and—"

"Your husband!" interrupted Boucoiran, springing from his chair. "Your husband!—you are his wife!"

"Come, my dear fellow," said the count, who was pale with vexation, "Mme. de Saint Armel will think you are crazy. Sit down and let us finish our luncheon in peace and quiet. I suppose you will soon be promoted?"

But Boucoiran had dropped his napkin, and, before anyone could prevent him, he had fled, tearing his hair.

It is unnecessary to state that he has never again set foot in the Saint Armels' house. But he did eventually get light on the causes of his horrible mistake. It seems that, the very day that Betsy was to be given to Lucie Bataille, a nobleman of Italy had married, with a Russian of fabulous wealth, and Saint Armel, practical fellow that he was, had kept the mare to make her later a saddle horse for his wife. But the captain had not heard these details.

Worth of Notice.

If you wish to restore to your cheeks that charming rose tint which they have lost add every morning to the water used for washing, a teaspoonful of Persian Lotion. The effect is marvellous.

Charity Beginneth at Home.

Daughter—You know, father, they are going to have a fair at the church next week, and I thought I would like to get something for it.

Father (handing her a check)—Certainly, my daughter. In the cause of charity I am always liberal. What were you going to get?

Daughter—Something in the way of a new gown.

Don't become constipated. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Getting Acclimated.

Blumenthal (who has blossomed out with a steam-yacht and is taking his first trip up the sound)—"Look languid, Leah. Don'd gif it avay dot ve vos new."—*Judge.*

A Railway to the Stars

In a recent lecture On Fixed Stars Dr. David Gill wanted to give an illustration of the distance to Centauri. This is what he said:

"We are a commercial people; we like to make our estimates in pounds sterling. We shall suppose that some wealthy directors have failed in getting Parliamentary sanction to cut a sub-Atlantic tunnel to America, and so, for want of some other outlet for their energy and capital, they construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect, for the present, the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic.

"We shall go farther, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and that the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way. Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fares exceedingly moderate—viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles.

"Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, an American gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the National Debt of England and a few other countries, and, presenting himself at the booking-office, demands a first-class single to Centauri. For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the National Debt of England, which just covers the cost of the ticket; but I should explain that at this time the National Debt from little wars, coupled with some unremunerative Government investments in landed property, had been run up from £700,000,000 to £1,100,000,000 sterling. Having taken his seat, it occurred to him to ask, 'At what rate do you travel?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"'Then when shall we reach Centauri?'

"'In 48 653,000 years, sir.'

"'Humph! rather a long journey.'"

Misses R. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Not Much of a Jump.

"This is the biggest jump on record—a Providence man has jumped the State."

"Oh, pshaw! that's only Rhode Island! Now, if it had been Texas——"

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MANCHESTER HELEN.—This is a refined, rather gentle and careful lady, modest in speech, flexible in her ideas, rather reserved to the world in general, with high sense of duty and habits both methodical and precise, should be warmly liked by those who know her best.

MAGGIE MURPHY.—This writing shows energy, love of fun and rather an original method, perseverance, hope and some ambition, with discretion and attention to details, are shown. The writer is of strong and independent will and opinions, and rather lacks diplomacy and grace of expression.

J. A. L. CLARKE.—Clever thought, vivacity of purpose, rather a lack of sympathy and tact as well as quick and ready perception, some imagination, and an honest and large heart are shown. The writer can keep his own counsel well, and though not particularly careful has a good hand for business.

BERTHA.—1.—You are careless and constant, sincere, adaptable, rather fond of fun, not slow by any means, rather discreet, and yet apt so put your foot in it through lack of some perception, and your nature is practical rather than theoretical and I don't see just where your three uncomplimentary words come in.

MRS. A. (SAVANNA)—1. You are generous, good-tempered, rather independent in thought and impulsive in feeling, somewhat ambitious, with a good share of tact and sympathy. You are rather bright and witty, fond of social intercourse, and so the whole a pretty nice sort of woman. Sorry not to be able to answer you sooner.

ANNIE SMID.—You ask me do I think you could *manage* children. No, mine the carelessness and erratic will which makes you a very civil listener and turn the ones you put in at all angles would be bad stuff for a governess to evolve from. I hope your very crude writing is the effort of a too youthful and not a very badly trained and ill-disciplined mind. It is not really worth the time taken by a delineation.

RETA DUMAR.—1. I cannot recommend any hair dye, but for reliable hair merchants who can supply you, refer to our advertising columns. 2. Your writing shows romantic fancy, rather large self-esteem, good memory and adaptability, rather too much desire for ease, but also love of perfection, a tendency to despond, which may produce dyspepsia and a lack of self-control and repose which should be corrected.

ELLA STR.—1. What a funny youngster you are, with your unstudied lessons and your serious question! It isn't quite three years, my dear, since your letter came, but it is more than six months, that's an awful time to wait for an answer, is it not? The horrible amount of lessons you have had will make you a good speller, which is a source of comfort to your truly. 2. It is out of order for a member to speak at that time.

ROSE.—1. Your *nom de plume* looks something like that, your letter is dated February 12. I am sorry, as you say you have no patience, that it was so long in being reached. 2. You are sanguine, rather clever with your tongue, and doubtless in action and thought as well as in speech; saving in effort and rather pertinacious in getting your own way; have good perception, rather sensitive sympathy, caution and perseverance, are careful of details and systematic in method, an able hand. 3. The origin of the pretty colored bottles in drug store windows was in the fact that druggists used to exhibit their unsalectable potions ready mixed in their windows as a specimen, and when that fashion was discontinued they substituted colored water bottles.

LAURA SECORD.—1. I was very glad to read your little personalities. So nice of you to write them! You are quite right about the moods. The only impossible one for me is the gaily melancholy. Should I feel it coming on, I always get into the open air, and in our busiest street-brush is away upon the crowd. Prudent practice of this sort soon makes the habit of mooning impossible. Usually melancholy moments have never known a real sorrow, or have conveniently short memories and placid minds. I quite agree with you, fun from the inside is funnier than fun from the outside. Keep it up, Laura, it makes life bearable when higher consolation seems powerless. 2. Your writing shows great sympathy, adaptability, love of fun and very good temper. You have tenacity (I mean light but firm) will, imaginative power and a good deal of natural ability. Write again, my dear.

Russian Justice.

In many countries, when lawyers are invoked to argue in troubles about property, the men of law cost in fee a good share of the property in dispute. In Russia affairs of this kind are sometimes more adroitly managed, without the aid of the lawyers, but at the mortification of all the litigants. The following is a case in point. A farmer brought a cowskin to market, which a shoemaker bought for two and a half roubles. Having, however, no money with him, the latter went home to procure it. In the meantime another buyer appeared and bid three roubles for the skin. The farmer, after waiting a while in vain for the shoemaker's return, gave the skin to the second buyer. Unluckily at this moment the original buyer returned and demanded his purchase. A quarrel ensued, which ended in the matter being brought before a justice. The latter listened to the evidence, and then addressing the shoemaker said:

"You bought the skin first?"

"Yes."

"For how much?"

"Two and a half roubles."

"Have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Put it on the table."

Turning to the second buyer the justice inquired:

"Did you buy the skin afterward?"

"Yes."

"And paid for it?"

"Yes."

"How much did you pay?"

"Three roubles."

"You have the skin?"

"Yes."

"Put it under the table."

The man threw his purchase under the table, and made room for the farmer, whom the justice next addressed.

"You agreed to sell for two and a half roubles, and the buyer, not returning promptly with the money, I understand you sold to another for three roubles?"

"Yes—exactly."

"Have you the three roubles?"

"Yes."

"Put them on the table."

This was done, and then the judge delivered his decision.

"The shoemaker is to blame for bargaining without money, thereby endangering the peace of the town. The second buyer is to blame for outbidding another, and the seller for dealing or attempting to deal with people without money. Now all three of you get out! Quick march!" And the disputants were turned out, leaving the money and skin as the perquisite of justice.

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Afraid He Wouldn't Pass

He was a man in well along in middle age and was willing to be insured. The agent has prepared his "application," and turned him over to the searching scrutiny of the accomplished medical examiner.

"I might as well tell you, doctor, to begin with, that ours has been a family of fatalities and sudden deaths," said the applicant.

The examiner looked serious as he replied:

"Why, you seem to be in excellent physical condition. What did your father die of?"

"Heart disease."

"That's bad. How old was he?"

"Ninety-two."

"Dear me! Your mother!"

"She's gone, too. Killed at a crossing."

"And her age?"

"Mother was a little over seventy."

"Do you know the age and cause of your grandfathers' deaths?" continued the examiner.

"Yes, indeed. Father's died just a week after his ninetieth birthday. They said he used too much tobacco. Mother's father was only eighty-eight. Falling down stairs finished."

"And your grandmothers?"

"One of 'em had consumption at eighty-six, and died of it in no time. The other was nipped with sunstroke at eighty-four. Oh, they all went quick."

The examiner did not seem so grave as he asked: "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"One sister and two brothers," was the answer. "John went out into the mining country when he was seventy-two, just to trouble there, called a drunken man a liar, and was shot. Henry was drowned at sixty-nine trying to help save two young fellows that couldn't swim. Sister's alive. She's awfully careless; ate a lot of green stuff the day of her golden wedding, then danced in the evening with all the old fellers out on the lawn, even after it was raining; took her two days to get over it. She'll go in a hurry like all the rest some of these times."

"Well," said the medical gentleman, smiling, "I think I'll chance you, and don't believe your applicant will be 'turned down' at the home office. Only you must look out for yourself. Be careful about catching hard colds after you are 80 years old."—*Chicago Post.*

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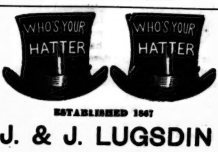

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents: five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

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Rise and Fall of a Good Intention

IN the head of Mr. McCarthy, piano tuner and accompanist at secular and religious concerts, a resolution had been taken. He made up his mind that he would give his wife a delightful surprise before he was twelve hours older. He is a man of extreme decision and would therefore have made a good military commander had he happened upon other times. He pondered nothing—he had any undertaking completed before the ordinary man would have had his pondering appliances at work. When he started to become a man he became one immediately without experiencing the slow process of growth. This left him a small man, of course, but a man nevertheless, brisk, vigorous and ready for serious business of life. There was emphatically no humbug or dawdling about him. He married a wife, bought a perambulator to accommodate twins, and had sent Mrs. McCarthy and the infants during the hot weather to visit friends in Hamilton. No holidays for him—holidays, all humbug. But he had decided to create a surprise.

"Margaret," he said to the servant as he entered the house, "pack my valise at once—put in night robe, slippers, skull cap and those two pieces of waltz music on the center table. I'm going to surprise Min and the babies up at Hamilton. They'll no more expect to see me than the man in the moon. Train goes about six, but I want that valise down town with me right away. Don't fiddle around like that—wake up."

"But," said Margaret, who had become like one of the family under her master's no-humbug habits, "won't you telegraph to Mrs. McCarthy?"

"Telegraph! What kind of a surprise would it be if I did? Anyhow, she would faint if she got a telegram. No, I'm going to pop right in on them—ring the bell, walk in, sit down among 'em, have a baby laughing on each knee before anybody can say a word. It'll please Min, mind you. I'll wait five minutes for that valise."

He drew out his watch and straddled out his legs, looking for all the world like a large boot-jack of olden times. Margaret was fast and he soon aped down the street. A ride on the train is a sore trial to a no-humbug man who does not smoke. He will not stoop to the hypocrisy of pretending to read, because the rushing landscape diverts his attention, and sitting quietly at the window observing the landscape is too idle and listless, utterly. It being impossible then to find contented occupation, nothing remained for Mr. McCarthy but to toss himself impatiently into every possible position with lightning rapidity of change; to enquire of the conductor and every brakeman whom he could see what time the train was due at Hamilton, and if she were on time; to fight his way into the baggage-room to see if his valise had been put aboard, and to transfer himself from one coach into the next because he shrewdly detected a slight hitchy motion in one of the car-wheels, and observed that the train officials only remained in that car so long as duty demanded.

Hamilton at last. "Now," thought Mr. McCarthy, "I shall make a wide detour and keep out of sight of the house until I can swoop down upon it." He disappeared down a side street, crossed over and up a few more, got a glimpse of the house and edged towards it rapidly. Then by a brilliant flank movement he outwitted the great inquisitive bow-window in front and stood ringing the door-bell. He rang again in an argumentative, remonstrative way. He tried the handle, thinking it impossible that they should be out. No use—all were away.

He felt hurt, injured. Min was too much given to being out when the infants should be abed. It was too bad that they should be out, because he had to return home by the morning train. He sat down on the steps to wait. To a no-humbug man, sitting on a door-step under such circumstances is a sorer trial than riding on a train. He squirmed and walked to the gate, and then around the house, and rang the door-bell again, savagely. It would be no harm to enquire next door; no, they knew nothing about it, likely out driving.

Mr. McCarthy was an hungered. He had counted upon having a nice little supper prepared for him after the folks had recovered their breath and the edge of their surprise had worn away. The plan having miscarried, and being tired waiting, he decided to sup at an hotel, and being a man of decision he soon reached one.

"Hello, Mac," cried a familiar voice as he sat down at a table, and opposite him he recognized a drummer of his acquaintance.

They washed down the meal with a friendly glass of ale, and the drummer stepped around as far as the gate with the piano tuner. Not home yet. Half an hour crawled away, the slowest record ever made since time began, and then the pair set out for a walk around the block. Mr. McCarthy is a sober man, though not an abstainer, and under the circumstances he did not think it wrong to drink a few more glasses of ale, but presently he became talkative and rode his hobbies furiously, and branched from ale to wine and from a condition of sober discontent into one of drunken bliss. The drummer enjoyed the lark, but when they returned towards the house where Mrs. McCarthy was visiting and lights could be seen within it, the drummer's senses returned and he refused to let his friend present himself. To carry his point he had to carry his disputatious companion back to the hotel, where subsequently, assisted by the porter, he carefully put him to bed.

Next day about noon, a gentleman who is a piano tuner by profession and accompanist at secular and religious concerts, having missed the first train by over-sleeping himself, might have been seen dodging from the hotel towards the depot, which haven, after several brilliant flank movements, he succeeded in reaching just in time to scramble aboard the train.

When Margaret enquired about the folks Mr. McCarthy jerked out a statement that he had not gone after all, but had been detained to take part in a commercial travelers' concert. He further instructed her not to mention to his wife a word about his intended surprise when she came back, because he might carry out his interrupted intention some other time. He also paid her back wages up that day and threw in a dollar because the whole responsibility of the house was upon her shoulders.

Mrs. McCarthy wrote next day, telling him the peculiar circumstance that while they had been absent at John's some man called two or three times at the house and enquired about them from the neighbors—a little man, dark, with light overcoat and an alligator valise. This was an exact description of her husband but she knew it could not be he. In his reply he said he hoped he was not such a horrible freak of nature that nobody else on earth would come under the same description as would fit him.

Mrs. McCarthy brought up the coincidence in conversation after her return, and when Margaret asked what day it happened upon Mr. McCarthy ordered that meddlesome menial to bring in the coffee. She now draws two dollars more per month than she did before going for the coffee. MACK.

About Precious Stones.

The most curious pearl, for many reasons, is that which the traveler Tavernier sold in the seventeenth century to the Shah of Persia for 2,700,000 francs. It came from Califa, and it is still the property of the sovereigns of Persia. The Iman of Mascata has a pearl through which one can see the light. It is a luxury that one may indulge in for 800,000 francs. This pearl is valued to-day at about 900,000 francs. One which is owned by the Princess Youssoupoff is unique in the world for its water. It was sold in 1620 to the King of Spain for 80,000 ducats. Pope Leo XIII. inherits from one of his predecessors on the throne of St. Peter a pearl valued at 400,000 francs.

Besides these pearls, which are without rivals, it is necessary to mention the necklace of the Empress Frederick. It is composed of thirty-two pearls only, and its value is 600,000 francs. Her mother, Queen Victoria, possesses, in addition to the biggest diamond in the world, the Koh noor, valued at 50,000,000 francs, a necklace of rose-colored pearls, which the public were admitted to see formerly in the Tower of London. It is worth 400,000 francs.

The necklace of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild has four rows of pearls, and is valued at 1,000,000 francs, and that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild at 1,200,000. Both ladies proceed in the same manner in regard to pearls. Every time that a jeweler finds pearls that are really beautiful he is authorized to bring them to these ladies, and they buy them, at no matter what price. The connoisseurs hesitate between these two necklaces and that of the Empress of Russia, which has seven rows, but the pearls are less "united." The necklace of the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows, and cost 900 000 francs.

At the time of Mme. Marie Delane's sale, M. Sarlin, the son in-law of the first president, M. Perivier, bought a pearl necklace for 551 000 francs. It is said that its value is still greater. Mlle. Dosle, the sister of Mme. Thiers, holds from the latter several rows of pearls which it took her thirty years to gather, which are valued at 400,000 francs. After the war Mme. Le Breton sold to the late Mme. De Palva for the Empress Eugenie the necklace of white pearls which that sovereign had hereof collected. The few defects of some of those pearls lowered its value, and it sold for 300,000 francs. We have not been able to discover where this necklace now is.

The Empress of Austria possesses black pearls, the most beautiful that can be seen. Her casket is, it appears, priceless. It is one of the most famous in Europe, after that of the Empress of Russia. It is hardly necessary to recall the fact that last year Mme. Leonide Leblane sold her necklace, three rows of pearls, for 181 000 francs; but after the incident, the recollection of which is perhaps still preserved, she had to take it back. Her necklace is a waterfall, or *collier en chute*; that is to say, the pearls are regularly graded up to the largest size, which are in the middle. Mlle. Marie Magnier has some enormous pearls. She is celebrated for her jewelry. Among other things she possesses two solitaires for which she paid the trifle of 50,000 francs.

To finish with the pearls, let us call attention to the fact that the more they are worn the more brilliancy and whiteness they acquire, and consequently their value becomes enhanced. Let us add that the rose-colored pearls are the most prized, and that the black pearls, perfect in form, without defects, are extremely rare. They cost even more than the white pearls which present the same conditions, that is to say, which reach perfection.

The names of the celebrated diamonds are known, but their value and their owners are not generally known. The Regent alone has been followed in its wanderings. The public admired it at the Louvre, in which it was deposited in 1887. It was considered the most beautiful, and valued at 3,125,000 francs. The Sancy is worth 500,000 francs. After having belonged to the Princess Paul Demidoff, it became the property of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy of Bombay. The Orloff, bought by the prince of that name for Catherine II., cost 2,250 000 francs in addition to an annuity of 100,000 francs, and moreover the seller, named Safras, received a title. This diamond at present belongs to the crown of Russia.

The crown of Austria possesses the Florentine, which is valued at 2,500,000 francs. An Indian rajah owns the Star of the South, purchased for 4,000,000 francs, and the Rajah of Golconda has in his casket the Nizam. It is worth 5 500,000 francs. The Pigott brought to England by the nobleman who gave it his name, is worth 750,000 francs. It was put up at auction in 1881. Who knows what has since become of it? The Pacha, which belongs to the Viceroy of Egypt, cost 700,000 francs. It is a beautiful stone, carved with eight facets, and weighs forty-nine carats.

The Grand Mogul that the Shah of Persia, its happy owner, has baptized "Derial-noor" ("ocean of light") is priceless. The Nassak, which weighs 892 carats, and belongs to Lord Westminster, is valued at 800,000 francs. He paid 700 000 for it. The largest of all diamonds is in Matan, in the island of Borneo, where the Rajah presents it to the Government of Batavia one day took a fancy to it, and offered the Rajah two war ships completely equipped and 500,000 francs for the stone, but the Rajah refused.

King Charles of Portugal possesses a fine diamond of 205 carats. The Empress Eugenie used to wear a comb set with diamonds that had no rival. She also had a considerable length of a diamond garland imitating nine leaves and nine berries. The effect of these diamonds was dazzling. At the time of the sale of the crown diamonds, a necklace of four *rivieres*, each composed of beads in brilliants, mounted on silver and forming a waterfall, was sold for 183 000 francs, and it is said that it now belongs to one of the ladies of the American colony in Paris.

The Duchess d'Osuna, nee Salm-Salm, who died recently, had an immense collection of rubies and diamonds. Their extreme weight gave the Duchess headaches.

The Czarina owns the largest diamonds, and she buys some every year.

In France just now the pearl and ruby are prized most. As for diamonds, the Duchess of Doudeauville and the Countess de Pourtales have introduced a new style in wearing them. A ribbon is passed around the neck and fastened to a bow of ribbons beprinkled with the diamonds.

In Paris Mrs. Mackay has the finest diamonds. She has a necklace two metres in length, formed of stones well assorted and without a single defect. Its value is unknown. Turquoises really fine are scarcely seen. The Maharajah of Duleep Singh, formerly King of Lahore and pensioned in Paris by the English Government, has one of the most famous turquoises in existence. It is very flat, and measures six centimetres in height and five in width. One of the sons of Abd el-Kader has a charmed turquoise upon which legends dictated by Mohammed (!) are carved. A turquoise to be really valuable must be of the old rock, very thick in form, and as little cut as possible. Sick people turn the turquoises that they wear pale and greenish. Happy are the women whose turquoises are of a beautiful blue. They have good health and good tempers. Lady Burdette-Coutts must be counted among the happy ladies. She has turquoises that are known to amateurs, and the poorest among them is worth from 5,000 to 6 000 francs.

The Czarina has beautiful emeralds. Her Alexandrite gems, which are green in the day and red in the night, are valued at 700 000 francs. On her crown she carries an aquamarine worth 500,000 francs.

Lady Burdette-Coutts has two sapphires which are worth 750 000 francs. In our museum there is a sapphire that weighs 135 carats. It was found in Bengal by a man who was selling wooden spoons. Taken to Europe it became the property of the house of Raspoli in Rome. Then it was purchased by a German prince, who sold it to a Paris jeweler named Perret for 170 000 francs.—*The Figaro.*

Perfecting His Italian

Mrs. McClaugh—Is your son goin' to school now, Mrs. McGooghan?

Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure he's t'rew wid the English branches. He's perfectin' his Italian now.

"Where?"

"Helpin' dig a sewer down on the road beyant."

Too Much Lung.

Young Wife—My dear, the first time I saw you, you were with a party of students giving the college yell.

Husband—Yes, I remember.

"And I noticed what a remarkable voice you had."

"Yes, you spoke of it. Why?"

"Nothing, only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it."

A Mean Fe'low.

Miss Beauti—I think Mr. Lovelorn is just too mean for anything, and after all the favors I've shown him, too. I used to go to operas and theaters and everywhere with him, and now, when I ask him a little favor, he refuses.

Friend—What did you want?

Miss Beauti—I asked him to be one of the ushers at my wedding.

With Winks In It.

"You say you drank nothing but soda water?" enquired the police magistrate. "Was it just the plain soda?"

"Well, it had an or two winks in it, your honor," reluctantly admitted the blear-eyed and demoralized prisoner.

"Thirty days," said the magistrate, "for attempting to give the court wind. Next!"

Domestic Economy.

"So you are going to be married," said one girl to another.

"Yes."

"I thought you intended to remain single."

"I did. But I've been taking lessons in cooking and I don't want to waste them."

The Poor Farmer.

The man was plowing a patch of corn on a hillside farm with a horse thinner than the soil was. As I rode up to the fence he stopped to ask what I wanted.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Kinder," he said, mopping his face.

"Why don't you plow deeper?" I suggested.

"Down to the bed rock now," he said, with a grin.

"How many acres have you?" I enquired.

"Seventy."

"I guess you don't work it right," I said, with the air of a man who knew all about the business. "You ought to turn the whole farm over."

He looked at me lazily for ten seconds.

"Well, who in thunder'll I turn it over to?" he asked, in mild surprise. "Thar ain't nobody 'round here ax kin afford to take it. They've got more now than they can pay taxes on. Maybe you'd like to try it, mister. I'll swop the whole thing for that hoss you're ridin', and throw the old woman and children in to boot. What do you say?"

I said good-bye hurriedly and went away in the same ratio.

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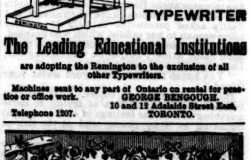

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

A very jolly picnic to Queenston Heights was given last Friday by Mr. Leslie Nelles. About half-past one o'clock a drag, drawn by four very spirited horses and followed by two or three smaller vehicles, passed through Main street and across the commons leading to the River road, accompanied by the music of the indispensable horn and the gay laughter and chatter of twenty five or thirty merry-makers. After a most enjoyable afternoon spent in rambling about the grounds surrounding the monument, where tea in true picnic style was indulged in, the party returned to Holmehurst, the handsome residence of Mrs. Robert Ball, when a pleasant little dance brought a most delightful day to a close. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. R. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Miss Griffith, Miss C. Arnold, Mr. and Miss Anderson, Miss Kitty Ball, Mr. E. and Mr. F. Ball, the Misses Blake, the Misses Bernard, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. A. and the Misses Pafford, Mr. F. and Miss Geddes, Mr. Brown and Miss Winnie Smith.

Mr. H. S. Strathy of the Traders' Bank, Toronto, spent last Saturday in town.

Mrs. and Miss Roe are the guests of Mrs. J. Ball of Locust Grove.

Mrs. J. A. Fuche has been spending a few days with Mrs. H. L. Anderson.

Mr. Allan Anderson of the Imperial Bank, Niagara Falls, was in town last Sunday.

Miss Florence Dickson of Surrey, England, and Miss Daisy McMurray spent a few days last week at the rectory, the guests of Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

Miss Campbell of Uxbridge is the guest of Mrs. Alma.

Miss Douglas of London is visiting Mrs. H. Watt.

Miss Emily Morrison is the guest of Mrs. R. G. Dickson.

Mr. R. H. Bowes was among those who paid friends in town a flying visit last Monday.

Mrs. Parsons of Galt, who has recently purchased the house adjoining that occupied by Mr. Curtis of Buffalo, is spending a few weeks at Mrs. Hewgill's.

Mr. F. Geddes, of Knowles & Geddes, barristers, Hamilton, is visiting friends in town.

The hop at the Queen's was not very largely attended last Saturday, owing in part, no doubt, to the heavy downpour of rain, which lasted from early in the evening until late into the night. Those who were present, however, enjoyed immensely the advantages of a not overcrowded room. Among others I noticed Mrs. Gus Thompson, Mrs. Webster, Mr. J. G. and Miss Dickson, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, the Misses Heward, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Ogilvy, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss E. Morrison, Mr. L. and Miss D. McMurray, Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Eugene Wilson, Mr. W. A. Gale, Mr. S. Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Keating, Miss Bryce, Mr. Howard Winslow, the Misses Winnet, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Hilliard, Mr. Smith, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. F. and Miss Geddes, Mr. E. Ball, Capt. C. Milloy, Mr. S. Small, Mr. H. Watt, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. Read, Mr. E. Rogers Wilson.

Miss M. Wood of St. Catharines is the guest of Miss Beaven.

Mr. Leonard McMurray spent last Sunday at Chautauqua.

The Misses Edith and Alice Heward left last Monday for Niagara Falls, where they will spend a week or two.

Mrs. F. Morson is visiting relatives in Toronto.

The Misses Phebe and Nannie Chittenden of Buffalo are at Riverside, the very pretty residence recently erected by Mrs. J. Chittenden on the site of the one destroyed by fire last summer.

A very pleasant little impromptu dance was held at the Queen's last Monday evening. The majority of those present were from across the border, whence they had come to celebrate the eventful Fourth.

Rev. P. M. and Mrs. Baldwin of Aylmer are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Baldwin of Delatre Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson are stopping at Holmehurst.

Mrs. Howland and family are among the cottagers at Chautauqua. GALATEA.

GUELPH.

Without doubt the prettiest and most pleasant Ball Game of the season was given by the Stanley Cricket Club at Chadingham, the beautiful residence of Mrs. J. C. Chadwick, on Tuesday, July the 5th. The house was thrown open to the guests, and the spacious grounds adjoining were thronged with young people. Miss Alice Thompson, Hon. President of the Club, assisted Mrs. Chadwick to receive, and the other young ladies of the Club entertained and provided the guests with refreshments from a well supplied tent. The Club is composed of twelve young girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen. They are: Miss Lily Nelles, president; Miss Grace Howitt, vice-president; Miss Jessie Parker, secretary; Miss Maggie Frew, treasurer; Miss Lenore Cutten, captain; Miss Winnie MacKinnon, vice-captain; and the Misses Mildred Campbell, Alice Walker, Minna Reynolds, Mabel Jones and Amy Frew. They looked very pretty in light dresses with a badge of navy blue and white (the club's colors) on the right arm, and white aprons with a blue bow, and white sailor hats. Among the guests invited besides the parents of the girls were: Mrs. Chadwick Chadingham, Mrs. E. Harvey and Mrs. J. B. Powell (patroness), Mr. H. Lockwood (patron) and Mrs. Lockwood, Dr. Howitt (patron) and Mrs. Howitt, Miss Beatty of Toronto, Miss Nora Chadwick of Durham, the Archdeacon and Mrs. Dixon, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Belt, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Saunders, Mr. Bernie Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Richardson, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. MacDonald, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bond, Judge and Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. and Miss Drew of Elora; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Finlay, Mr. Geo. Finlay, Dr. and Mrs. Grensiide, Miss Gross of Whitby; Mr. A. W. J. Cutten, Mr. Hector Finlay and Mr. Ned Murton of Chicago; Mr. and the Misses Chisholm, Mrs. Gordon of Stratford; Mr. Heward of Toronto; Mr. A. D. Parker, Mr. Lionel Cutten, Mr. Chas. Nelles and Miss Edith Hunt of Utica, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Torrence, Miss Patterson of Flint, Mich.; Mr. D. Lehey of Toronto; Mrs. and the Misses Pipe, Mr. W. Pipe of Chicago; Mr. H. Boys, Mr. Pegley of Toronto; Mr. Ashworth, Bank of Montreal, Mr. S. Jones of London, England, and many others.

Just Ten Dollars Ahead.

Joseph P. Lambert, a young and wealthy Chicago merchant who is now on his way home with a charming bride from San Francisco, had a little adventure while here that netted him $10 in cash.

The prospective bridegroom stayed at the Palace Hotel, and while there the events of one evening, just before his marriage, he heard an alarm of fire. There is nothing which appeals so vividly to the Chicago imagination as the clamor of the fire bell, and naturally enough this fellow abandoned the sweet thoughts that had been occupying his mind and rushed forth to the anticipated scene of destruction. It was a fire on Fourth street, an ordinary San Francisco conflagration, which could be distinguished in the electric light by the engines and the crowd. The Chicago man beheld it, and as he stopped—perhaps in eager expectancy of some great outburst of flame—a couple of young women dashed up to him.

"Oh, save us, sir! Save us!" cried one, throwing herself into the hero's arms.

"Yes, yes: save us!" chimed in the other, as she clung to the Chicago right arm.

The dreaded danger did not seem to materialize and when the Eastern merchant alleged the assertion that the girls were afraid of the fire, he assured them that the safest plan would be to travel along up the street. There was no need of repeating the advice, for the timid creatures hurried away as if really on the wings of fright.

Then Lambert began to ponder, and before the pondering was fairly completed he discovered that two $20 gold pieces had been taken from his trowsers pocket. It was too late to catch the women, and so the stranger idled over to Fifth street, thinking about the process. He went to Market street, and near the Baldwin Hotel he told of the robbery to a couple of policemen.

Presently the pair of pickpockets chanced that way, demure and apparently happy. The owner of the double eagles recognized the women, and with Chicago boldness he stepped before them.

"Give me my money!" he demanded.

The pickpockets were shocked. They said they were insulted. They would have the rude man arrested. But the rude man was firm. He wanted his money, and, disregarding the policemen, he would take it then and there. That's what he said. Trouble was imminent, when a male accomplice of the woman stepped up. He saw the face of the adversary and then he volunteered to pay the desired amount. He counted out the gold.

"Now give me $10 for my trouble," said the visitor from Chicago, and it was given.

The pickpockets were then allowed to depart, though the two policemen saw the transaction. Lambert desired that no arrest be made, and his wish was respected.

A Long Latin Sort of Word.

The father had come to the commencement exercises, and the son was showing the sights.

"See that heavy-set fellow over there by the pump?" said the boy, as they passed through the campus.

"Yes; who's he?" responded the father, with commendable curiosity.

"He's our champion football kicker; and that one he's talking to leads in baseball."

"Oh! And who's the tall chap with the lantern jaws?"

"He's our champion tennis player. Nobody in the state can swing a racquet in the same atmosphere he does."

"Proud of him?" ventured the father.

"You bet we are, and so we are of the dark-haired fellow down there by the gate. He's our crack oarsman and best all-around gymnast. Rare combination, but he's a corker, is Jimmie," and the son threw a kiss to Jimmie.

"By the way," enquired the father, "who is valedictorian of the class this year?"

The son looked at his father questioningly.

"Valedictorian?" he asked.

"Yes; valedictorian," repeated the father.

"And what's that, I'd like to know?" came from the son next; and the father went right down to the first train out and got on board.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Only a Horseshoe Nail.

She was a beautiful girl, upon whose lustrous beauties twenty summers had laid their roses in showers of color and fragrance, and upon whose fair shoulders the decree of fashion had placed a pale of suppleness.

If any who read these lines have not yet got themselves upon this fad, they should at once look up the latest fashion plates.

She was radiant in her loveliness, and the young man who sat by her side when the shadows of the evening fell was as happy as he was beautiful.

It was an iridescent combination.

He had proposed and been accepted and he had just concluded a wild, impulsive embrace that now was tapering off gradually in a tender one-armed hug as lingering as a case of the grip in a hard winter.

"George," she murmured, "will you do me a favor?"

"A million!" he exclaimed, with tropical luxuriance; "a million times a million, darling."

"One is enough, deary," she said, with a soft, thin smile of joyous contentment.

"What is it, darling?" he whispered, drawing her closer to him.

"Will you lend me a horseshoe nail?" she lisped, blushingly. "We have busted my gallus."

And George's great heart yearned and broke then, for he had come to the trysting place without a horseshoe nail.

She Knew What To Do.

A genuine young heroine, whose deed of daring a few days ago entitles her to a place of prominence among the heroes of the hour, is Fannie Krause, at present an inmate of the Boys and Girls' Aid Society.

Fannie is only about thirteen or fourteen years old, but by no means *petite*. She will tower a half head or more above the average girl of fifteen, and has a frame and muscular development that make her widely respected among all her acquaintances regardless of age. She is simply a young Amazon, and there isn't a boy about town who, regardless of her age or size, is her equal in any respect, strength, speed, agility, or physical achievement of whatever kind. And in her way she is quite as attractive girl too. If not bewitchingly beautiful, she is as good-natured as the sunshine and has a frank, open countenance that bespeaks an honest heart and wins the confidence of her acquaintances almost at sight.

One day last week Fannie was down town to visit some friends in the neighborhood of Central Park. As she was going along Market street, near the corner of Eight, she noticed a one-horse conveyance containing an elderly lady with a baby in her arms. The horse appeared to be ill at ease, and even as she stood there took fright at a passer-by waving something red in his hand. With a quick turn the animal made for the other side of the street and started on a run. The woman in the conveyance, realizing the danger of her situation, screamed with all her might, and called some one to catch the horse. With the baby in her arms she could do nothing, and if the animal got under way probably death awaited them both.

There was no one near at the instant but Fannie Krause, and it seems almost providential that such was the case. She was quite equal to the emergency, and if there had been a score at hand they could not have done more, nor half so well. Quick as a flash she took in the situation, and making a wild dash for the escaping vehicle, reached it before it had gone twice the width of the street. She grasped the buggy box in the rear and leaped clear in behind the seat, then climbing over the seat caught hold of the lines, and in a half minute more had brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

Quite a crowd had gathered around by the time the vehicle had stopped, and were loud in their expressions of admiration of the young girl's pluck and presence of mind. When the owner of the conveyance came up and saw the narrow escape his wife and child had had, he was almost too frightened to speak, and could hardly express his gratitude to the young rescuer. He wanted to give her some money but she modestly refused it, and went on her way as if nothing had happened.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Blacksnake and Rattler.

A thrilling fight between a blacksnake and a rattlesnake was witnessed on the Cummings orange grove by a party of gentlemen from Daytona. For several weeks past a blacksnake about ten feet long has made its headquarters under an old orange grove, appearing occasionally but never allowing himself to be killed. He was as large around as one's wrist, and as fierce a looking fellow as one would want to encounter. The gentlemen were sitting under a large palmetto tree, enjoying the pleasant afternoon, when they noticed a rattlesnake crawl slowly and cautiously out from a brush heap and coil himself with head in the air and eyes turned toward the party, as if to say, "Here I am." One gentleman seized a club, but the other persuaded him to delay his attack and watch the reptile for a while and see what it would do. They had a chance to watch the stranger, which was about six feet long and of a grayish striped color. In a few minutes the black snake was seen to appear from under the crib fifty feet distant and move slowly toward the rattlesnake.

"Now for a fight," said Mr. Bert Walker, and the party drew back to give the reptiles a full show. Noiselessly came the huge black fellow, carrying his head high in the air and occasionally dropping it, apparently studying his ground around which he was to make the attack. It was plainly evident that the blacksnake wanted to fight. When within twenty feet of the other reptile he stopped, raised his head, and the rattlesnake saw him for the first time. The ground between them was clear, not a stick or a stone being noticed for many yards.

The rattler raised his head and threw out his tongue and seemed to be prepared for an encounter. They made a picture worthy the pencil of desperate men just entering the arena for a fight to the death. Presently the black champion started on a circle around his prey, getting nearer to the rattler every minute. The rattler never took his eyes from the approaching enemy, and his head going around reminded the lookers-on of a corkscrew. Which within six feet of the rattler the black fellow flew around so fast that you could hardly tell what it was. It was like taking a string tied to a stick and twirling it with all one's might. Suddenly the two came together and at once became entwined about each other, rolling over and over in the dust. This lasted for fully five minutes. Then there was a lull and the black snake was seen to have his adversary by the throat with his mouth. His body was twisted about the rattler's body and every few seconds he would give a squeeze that sent the rattler so much further toward his end.

In ten minutes the black hero dropped the body of his victim, drew himself up, took one last look, and then wound off into the brush.

It was a rare and remarkable scene and thoroughly enjoyed by all of the party. One of the gentlemen raised up the dead rattler on a stick and found that he was terribly bruised and mangled. Like the boa constrictor, the blacksnake does not bite, but crushes out the life of its victim.—*Florida Times.*

Apropos of the Season.

"Edgar, love," said the bride, as the train moved away with them on their wedding journey, "I want you to make me one solemn promise."

"Haven't I just done that, my own?" counter-asked the bewildered bridegroom.

"But this is something else. I want you to promise that—that—"

"That I will never marry again if you should die?"

"No, indeed. That you always will be good-to-dear-little-Fido."

The bridegroom said something, but it was lost in the rattle of the train, and the recording angel forgot to put it down.

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Leaves MILLOY'S WHARF, foot of Yonge Street at 3.40 p.m., arriving at Port Dalhousie at 6 p.m., in time for outgoing trains. Returning, leaves St. Catharines, Hoople' Wharf, at 8 a.m.; Port Dalhousie, 8.40 a.m., calling at piers, arriving in Toronto at 11.15 a.m. For despatch and low freight apply on the line. Excursions every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m. Saturday tickets, good until Monday, 75c. Special rates to Moonlight and other excursion parties. For tickets (family tickets a specialty) and full information apply at Robinson & Heaslip's, 61 Yonge Street; Milloy's Office, foot of Yonge Street; G. P. R. Offices, Board of Trade, and on the Boat.

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Arrive Toronto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.

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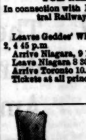

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This boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.

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Apply to— F. MINETTE, 24 Yonge Street.

Poetry and Boarding

"Poetry, thou sylph divine," he rhapsodied in his seven-by-nine hall bedroom when there came a low but distinct rap at his door.

"Oh, dearest, may I call thee mine," he concluded his rhyming measure as he opened the door and fell into the arms of his landlady, who was a widow.

"Then this board bill is canceled," she said as she tore it up and flung her two hundred and fifty pounds of too, too solid flesh into his arms, which were aghast at receiving her. [That may not be the right word, but it sounds better than aspe.]

"No more board bills," he murmured blissfully, as he took in the situation, likewise the widow.

"And no more impecunious boarders in the hall bedroom," she said in a tone that made him wince; "this room shall bring in a weekly income of seven trade dollars."

"It shall," he said, "and we will collect in advance, for you can never tell when a boarder will skip out."

And late that night he acted on his own suggestion, and the landlady is minus a boarder, a board bill and a prospective husband. The poetical youth had eloped with his muse.

Summer Resort.

The Penetanguishene Summer Hotel is now open. This is one of the most delightful spots in Canada for a summer outing. See advertisement.

A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat.

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A special line of Sailor Hats, in cream, black and navy, fully trimmed, at $1.

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Births.

BUTCHART—At Beaverton, Mrs. John R. Butchart—a son.
HOWLAND—June 20, Mrs. Paine Howland—a son.
LORIMER—June 27, Mrs. R. D. Lorimer—a son.
JACKSON—June 28, Mrs. Alf. Jackson—a son.
FRASER—June 24, Mrs. D. M. Fraser—a son.
MUMFORD—June 20, Mrs. J. Harry Mumford—a son
McKEE—June 29, Mrs. G. W. McKee—a son.
MANNING—June 30, Mrs. James Manning—a son.
McDONNELL—July 2, Mrs. A. McDonnell—a daughter.
MURPHY—June 30, Mrs. A. Murphy—a daughter.
THOMPSON—June 28, Mrs. A. S. Thompson—a son.
IRWIN—June, Mrs. H. J. Irwin—a son.
De GRUCHY—June 28, Mrs. C. H. De Gruchy—a son.
FERGUSON—July 1, Mrs. Hugh Ferguson—a daughter.
SMITH—July 1 Mrs. B. F. Smith—a daughter.
WYNNE—July 1, Mrs. W. Wynne—a son.
WALMSLEY—July 2, Mrs. W. Walmsley—a daughter.
KUHRING—July 2, Mrs G. A. Kuhring—a son.
MILES—July 1, Mrs. A. C. Miles—son and daughter.
GOOD—July 5, Mrs. H. J. F. Good—a son.

Marriages.

STRATHY—TEMPEST—June 29, Emilius Strathy to Eliza Tempest.
WRIGHT—PATON—June 30, John M. Wright to Mary E. Paton.
CLIFF—COOPER—June 19, George J. Cliff to Elizabeth M. Cooper.
TUPPER—McLELAN—June 27, Samuel H. Tupper to Caroline McLelan.
ANGLIN—HAZELASER—June 29, Frank A. Anglin to Harriet J. Fraser.
SLOMANS—NAISMITH—June 28, William Slomans to Maggie Naismith.
HINES—PARSONS—June, James Hines to Elizabeth S. Parsons.
POOLE—WHITEHOUSE—June 30, Walter H. Poole to Minnie E Whitehouse.
RYAN—BREEN—June 29, James Ryan to Maria Breen.
MILLS—TAYLOR—June 29, William S. Mills to Georgian S. Taylor
BASCOM—SHARP—June 29, Horace Bascom to Margaret Sharp.
SHARP—CASSIDY—June 29, George W. Sharp to Emma L. Cassidy.
CURTIS—MILTON—June 30, J. Whittaker Curtis to Maggie B. Milton.
HENDERSON—JAMESON—June 30, T. H. Henderson to Phyllis Jameson.
MEARNS—ANGUS—Frank S. Mearns to Mima W. Angus.
MACLENAN—McLEAD—June 30, Roderick J. Maclenaan to Jean H. Ward.
RUSSELL—FINCH—June 29, Ivan J Russell to Eva Finch.
YOUNG—FIELDHOUSE—June 15, R. H. Young to Florence S. Fieldhouse.
McCARRON—DOGGAN—June 28, Martin McCarron to Minnie Duggan.
WALSH—CLARKE—June 28, William Walsh to Helen M Clarke.
WALMSLY—CRIGHTON—June 30, Joseph Walmsley to Ruth Crighton.
SUTHERLAND—LINDSAY—July 2, J. Gordon Sutherland to Helen Lindsay.
JOSE—CANAVEN—June 29, Thomas Jose to Eliza Canaven.
WADHAM—MITCHELL—June 29, Joseph Wadham to Elizabeth Mitchell.
MAHR—LILLIE—July 5, Robert Mahr to Alice M. Lillie.
HAWSON—BAKER—June 29, Harry B. Hawson to Margaret A. Baker.
WRIGHT—DOUGAL—June 29, W. M. Wright to Annie Dougal.

Deaths.

STINSON—June 28, Thomas H. Stinson, aged 31.
McCLELLAND—July 4, Margaret L McClelland, aged 42.
JAMIESON—July 3, Algernon Jamieson, aged 18.
WINGFIELD—July 2, Martha L Wingfield, aged 14.
BEARD—July 2, Lucinda A. Beard, aged 28.
CHARLTON—June 30, Clarence C. Charlton, aged 2.
SLOAN—June 29, Ida E. Sloan, aged 1.
CURRIE—June 23, Hector H. Currie, aged 10.
GRANT—July 3, Mary Grant, aged 29.
SIBBALD—June 30, Mary Sibbald, aged 79.
GIBB—June 29, Robert Gibb, aged 38
COADY—July 2 Catharine Coady, aged 76.
McDONALD—Mary McDonald, aged 76.
DOHERTY—July 1, Louise Doherty, aged 12
SPARROWHAWK—June 30, May Sparrowhawk, aged 1.
McFRADEN—June 29, Ella McFraden, aged 31.
McCALLUM—July 3, Peter McCallum.
SHEPPARD—July 5, Eliza Sheppard, aged 68.
MANN—July 2, Ada Mann, aged 21.
McCALLUM—June 1, Niel McCallum, aged 76.
STEVENSON—July 1, Mrs. Stevenson, aged 48.
MANLEY—July 1, Graham F. Manley, aged 28.
SCOTT—July 2, Bertha B Scott, aged 28.
SLATTERY—July 5, Michael Slattery, aged 60.
SMART—July 4, William T. Smart, aged 26
ROBERTSON—July 5, David A Robertson, aged 74.
BLAKE—July 10, Martin Blake, aged 14.
HOBIN—July 5, Mary Hobin, aged 77.
WILLIAMS—July 5, Mary Williams, aged 75
McMASTER—July 5, Alexander McMaster, aged 78.

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